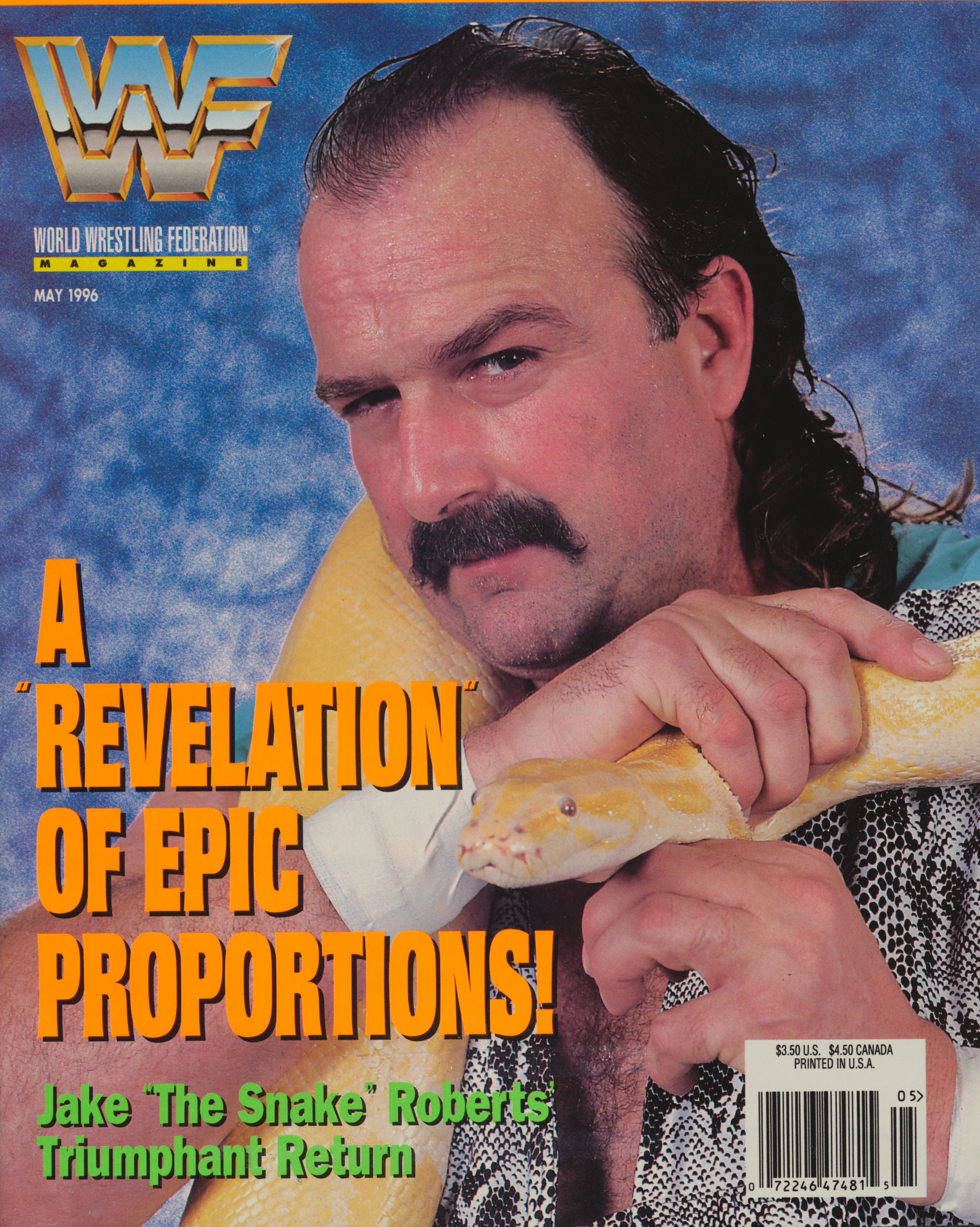
PART TWO OF EXCLUSIVE SHAWN MICHAELS INTERVIEW

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
MAGAZINE

MAY 1996



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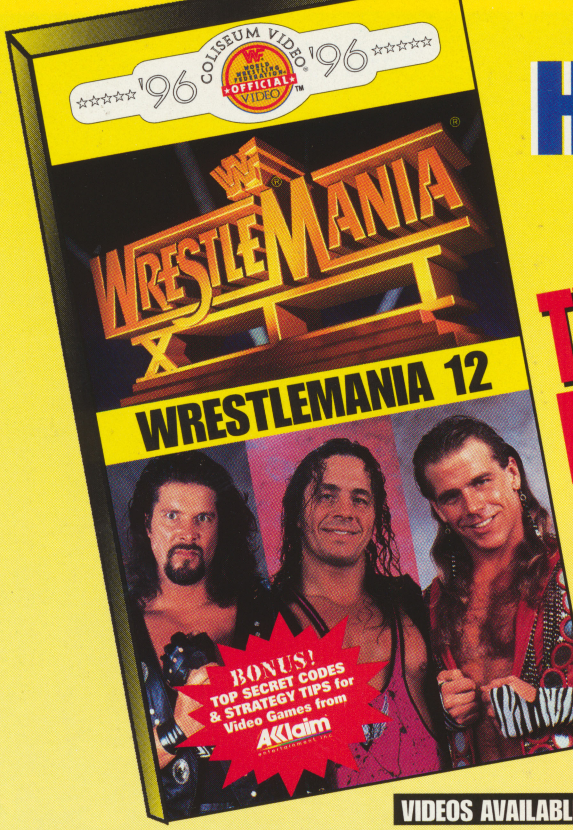

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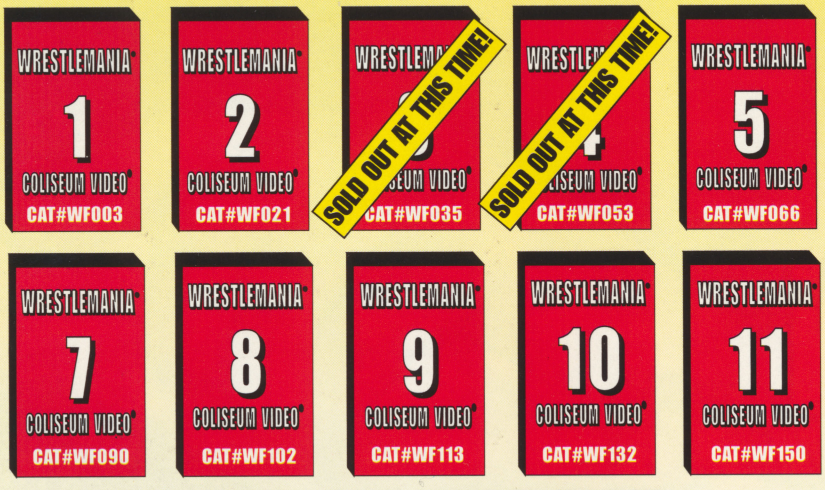

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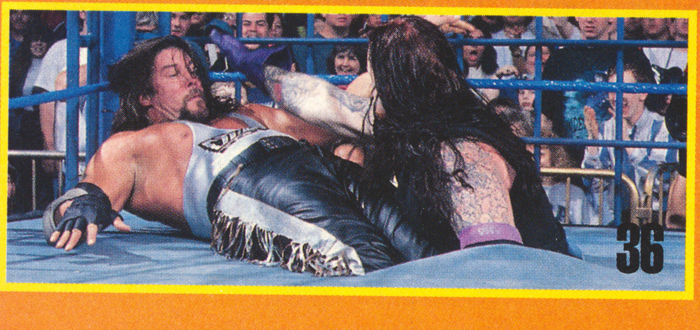

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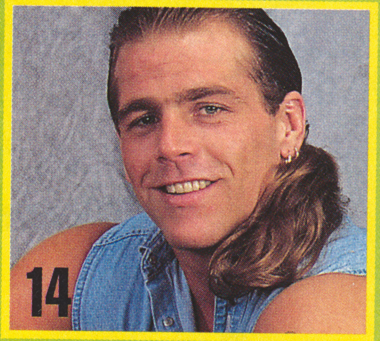

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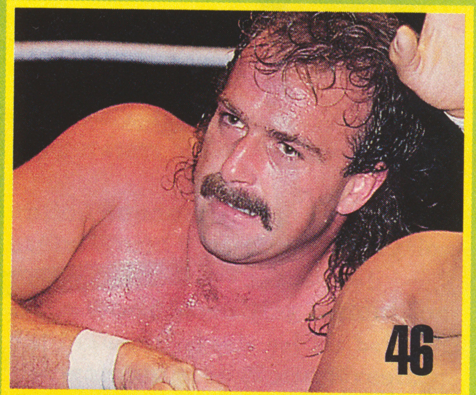

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CAN YOU GUESS THE SECRET SUPERSTAR

This month's Secret Superstar loves the SNAP, the CRACKLE and the POP. No, not of his favorite breakfast cereal, but of his opponents' bodies.

HINTS:

1. While this month's Secret Superstar is NOT a movie buff, he claims to have seen the movie "NATURAL BORN KILLERS" well over 100 times.
2. While this month's Secret Superstar is said to have ice water running through his veins, many of his opponents—or victims—have stated that five minutes in the ring with him is like going to hell and back!
3. Even though GREEN is nice, this month's Secret Superstar's favorite colors are BLACK & BLUE.
4. This month's Secret Superstar takes more pride in BEATING his adversaries with his belt than he does in WEARING it around his waist!

THE SECRET SUPERSTAR IS: ____________ ____________

ANSWER ON PAGE 64

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
MAGAZINE

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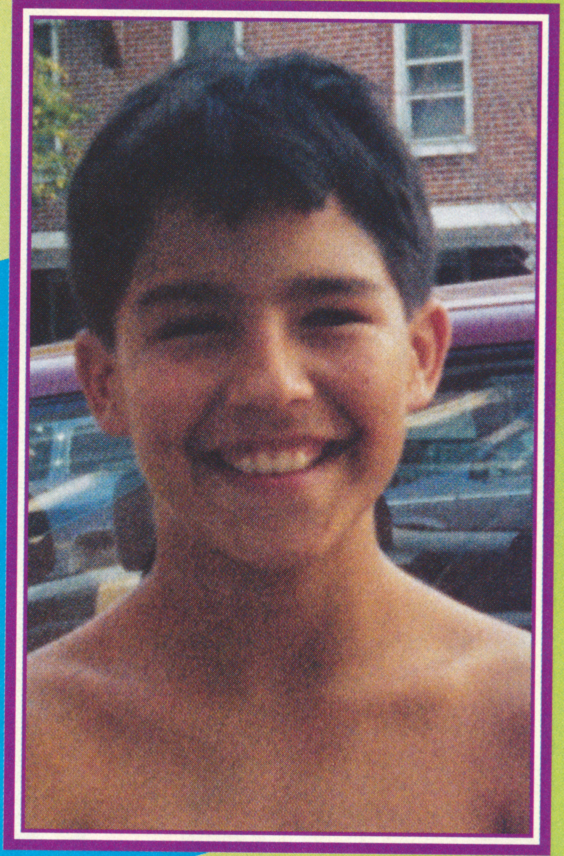
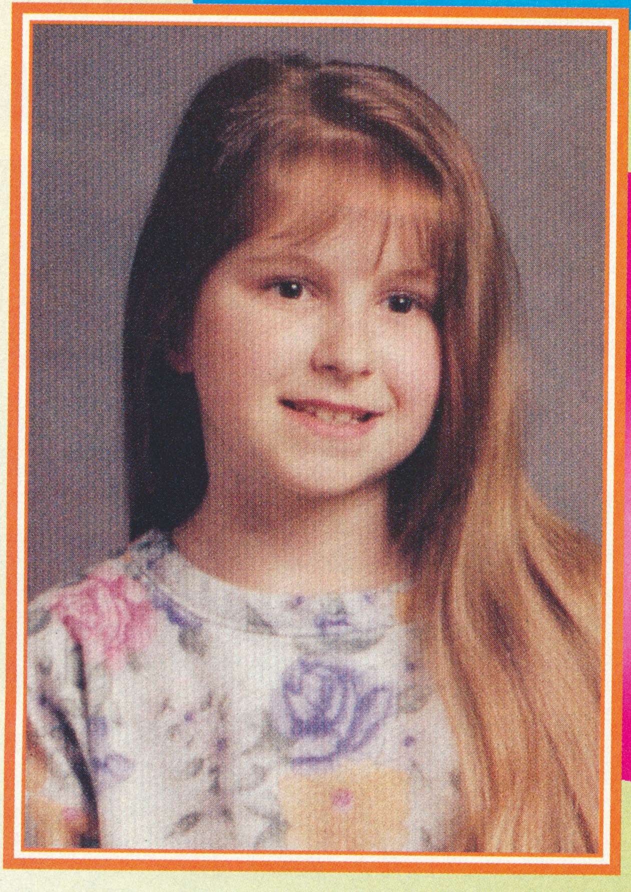
FEDERATION FANatics

Name: Joey Constantino
Age: 13
Hometown: Detroit, Michigan
School: H. B. DuPont
Future Ambition: To be a wrestler
Favorite Federation Superstar: Bret Hart, Shawn Michaels, Diesel
Least Favorite Federation Superstar: Owen Hart, Jerry Lawler
What I like best about the World Wrestling Federation: The excitement and live pay-per-view action
If I were president of the World Wrestling Federation, I would: Make a new event called Nightmare Night
What I do when I'm not watching the World Wrestling Federation: Play-wrestle with my best friend David Wilson





Name: Stacey Moulds
Age: 12
Hometown: Rose Hill, Mississippi
School: Enterprise Elementary
Grade: Sixth
Future Ambition: To become a doctor
Favorite Federation Superstar: Shawn Michaels and Bret "Hit Man" Hart
Least Favorite Federation Superstar: Owen Hart
What I like best about the World Wrestling Federation: The fact that you never know what will happen next
If I were president of the World Wrestling Federation, I would: Make sure that Shawn Michaels got his belt back
What I do when I'm not watching the World Wrestling Federation: I hang out with my friends and listen to music

Questions, Comm

There is no time limit!!

World Wrestling Federation Magazine Interactive is a no-time-limit, no-holds-barred, communicative channel where you can connect with the Federation any day or night in order to bodyslam us with your opinions and views! We've opened up the ring ropes to offer you many lines of communication. Whether it be by fax, phone, E-mail or post office, our cauliflower ears are open to you 24 hours a day, 7 days a week! So, don't be a ham-n-egger!!! Spill your ideas, and voice your opinions—WE WANT TO HEAR `EM!

How to reach us!!

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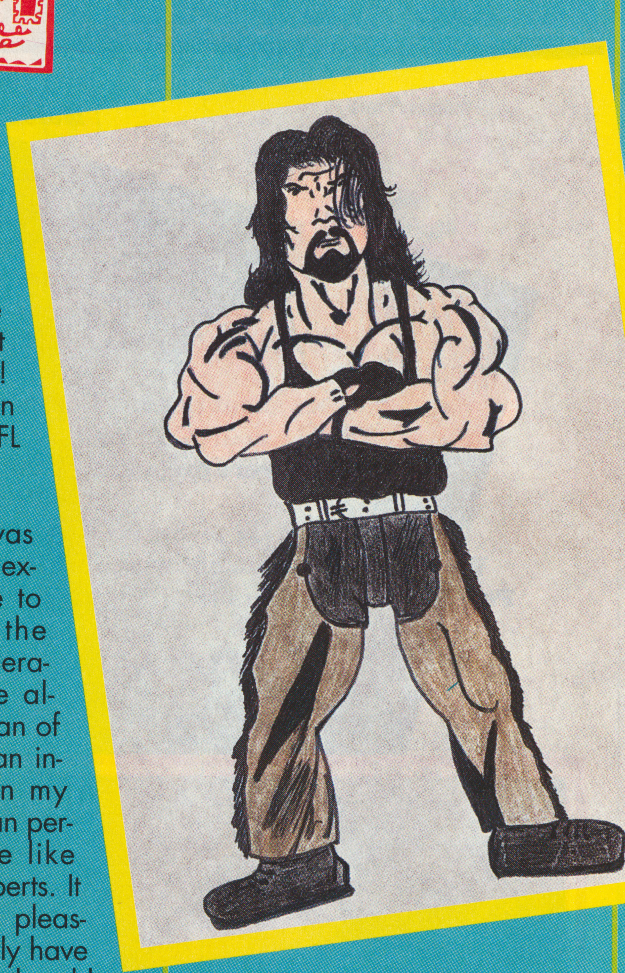
WRITE us at:
World Wrestling Federation Magazine,
c/o Vince Russo, Editor,
P.O. Box 3859,
Stamford, CT 06905.

Letter:

Dear Editor,
I've seen wrestlers come and go in the World Wrestling Federation, but I was never more pleased than to see Jake "The Snake" Roberts at the *Royal Rumble*. I just hope he's back to stay!

Marilyn Roman
Orlando, FL



Dear Marilyn,
Believe it or not, I was probably even more excited than you were to see Jake back in the World Wrestling Federation! I, myself, have always been a HUGE fan of his. Personally, I am an interview man, and in my opinion, NOBODY can perform behind a mike like Jake "The Snake" Roberts. It was an honor and a pleasure for me to personally have the opportunity to see the old master go to work at the *Rumble*! Between you and me—I think he will slither once more!!!

Letter

Dear Editor,
Over the years there have been many heroic acts in the World Wrestling Federation, but the most heroic of all was seeing Shawn Michaels pick himself up and make a stunning comeback at the *Royal Rumble*! I was so happy to see his triumphant return that I almost cried! Since then he has done nothing but prove to us—the fans—how much he appreciates his "kliq." My question is, do you have any more information at this time regarding the arrest of his assailants?

#1 Fan and KLIQ Member,
Tanya Martin Toole

Dear Tanya,
Almost cried? There wasn't a dry eye in the house that night! While I'm sure Shawn will appreciate your kind remarks, I'm sorry to say thus far only one out of the party of nine has been arrested. However, the Syracuse Police Department is still very much on the case! Go get 'em, men in blue! And, if you do, we might even let you in the KLIQ!

ents, and gossip

INTERACTIN' WITH THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Fax

Dear Editor,
I was both astonished and outraged over the Vader/Monsoon incident that aired on *Monday Night Raw*! I think that Vader—the trash that he is—doesn't belong anywhere near the World Wrestling Federation! He should get the ax for LIFE!!!

Monty Chavez-Benicia, CA

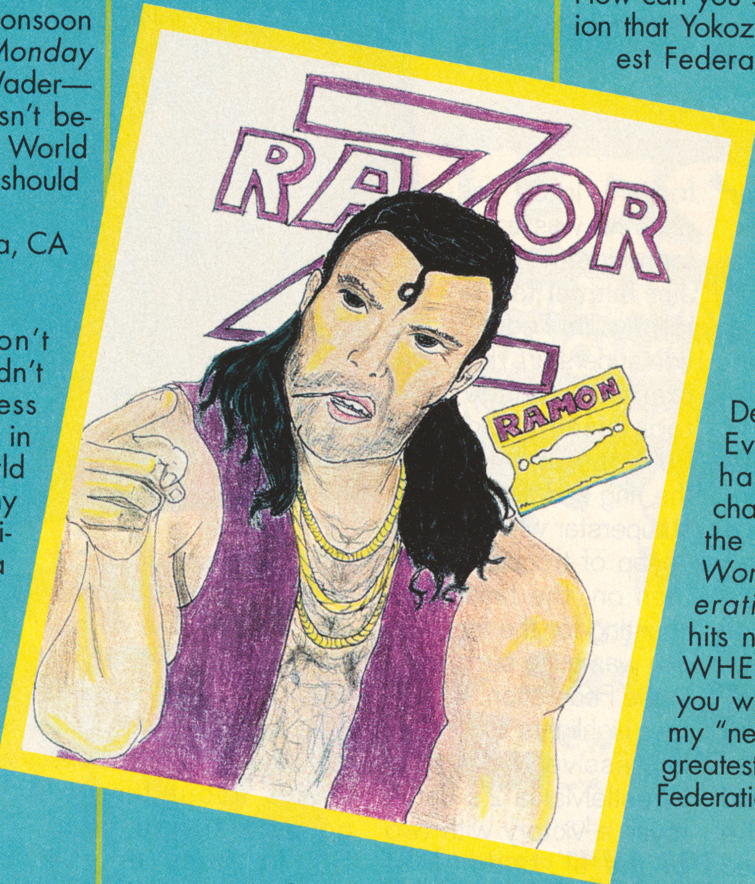
Dear Monty,
A life punishment? I don't know. Vader certainly didn't KILL anybody! As of press time, Vader's status is still in question here in the World Wrestling Federation. In my opinion, Vader was physically assaulted by Gorilla Monsoon before he even touched the interim president! I believe that Gorilla was just as guilty—or maybe even more so—than Vader. I say give the Mastodon ONE MORE CHANCE!!!!

E-mail:

Dear Editor,
Your predictions in the February issue of *World Wrestling Federation Magazine* were lame and childish. "Henry Godwinn will not bathe in 1996?" Is this the best you can do? How about some real analytical predictions?

Ez Hsiang
Riverhead, NY

Dear Ez,
Ez, my boy, if you want to be "analytical" about a hog farmer from Bitters, Arkansas, you go right ahead and be my guest!



E-mail:

Dear Editor,
How can you stand by your opinion that Yokozuna was the greatest Federation Champion of all time? If he was so great, how did he lose to the "REAL" greatest champion of all time—BRET HART?

Joshua Gillinsky

Dear Joshua,
Even GREAT minds have the right to change their minds! In the premiere issue of *World Wrestling Federation RAW*, which hits newsstands EVERYWHERE on April 15, you will be able to read my "newly reconstructed" greatest World Wrestling Federation Champion list.

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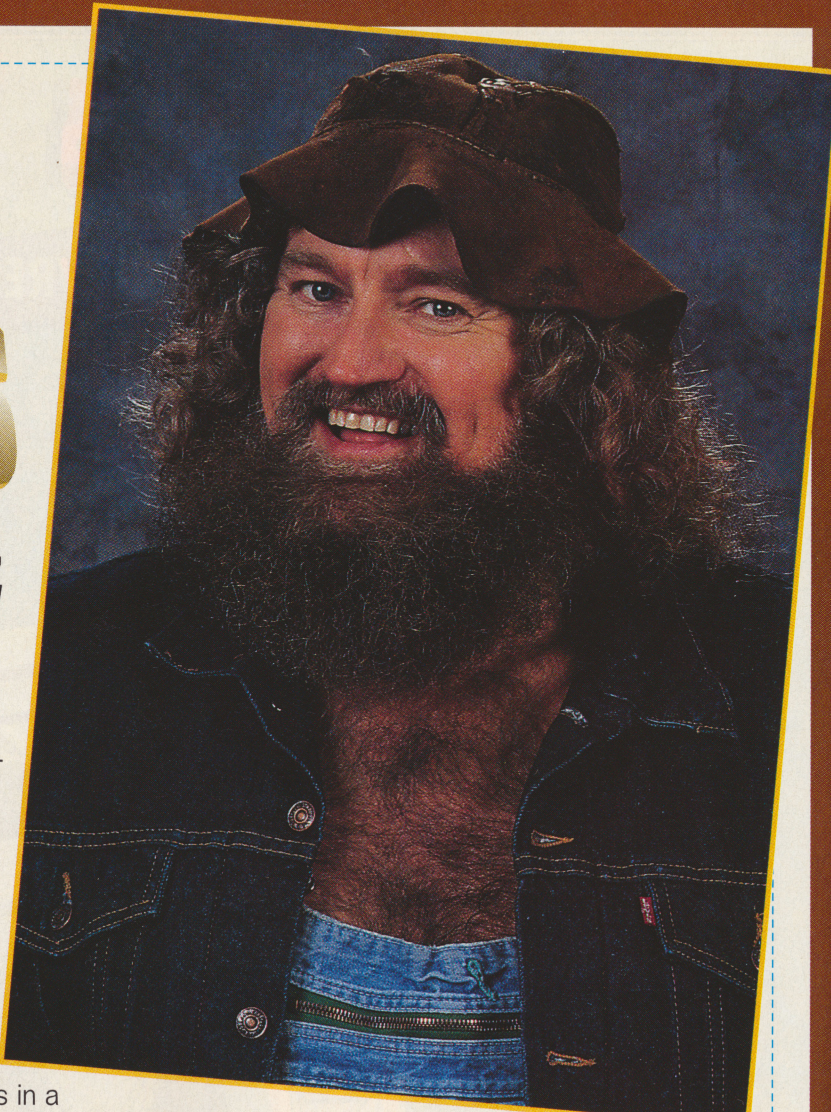
Rookies to LEGENDS

HEROES OF YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW



HILLBILLY JIM

The world had never heard of Mud Lick, Kentucky, before and probably NEVER would have heard of it if it hadn't been for a country boy named Hillbilly Jim. It was a Federation fairy tale, to say the least. Jim had no intentions of ever becoming a professional "rassler." To him, "rasslin'" was the greatest form of sports-entertainment known to modern man, but just being thrilled by the action as a spectator was more than he could ever imagine! By the mid-'80s, Jim had turned into one of the biggest fans in Federation history. Wherever the Federation was, Jim was there in his best overalls, hollerin' his britches off! But on an unforgettable day in 1985, all that changed for him. In 60 seconds he was transformed from Hillbilly Jim faithful fan to Hillbilly Jim Federation superstar! This dramatic change took place when he hopped into the ring and aided a superstar who was in a "heap of trouble." From then on, the fans were chanting for the fan! And Jim was quite successful in the Federation. His career highlights include an impressive showing at WrestleMania 2's battle royal, a victory with two of his lil' buddies at WrestleMania III and a string of victories in a series of tuxedo matches he had against the devious Mr. Fuji! Ah, yes! He was whoopin' it up in the Federation. Before very long he even had his relatives join him. Uncle Elmer, Cousin Junior, and Cousin Luke all became rasslers in time!

By the time the early '90s rolled around, Hillbilly Jim had decided that it was about time to go back to the farm. So, he hung up the boots and headed back to the blue grass, where he just planned to "kick back and watch the corn grow." That was, of course, before Henry and Phineas Godwinn decided that they needed a manager. Somebody that would understand their way of life. Somebody who was in the same league as they were when it came to "holler for them pigs!"

There was no doubt at all that Hillbilly Jim was their... Hillbilly!

Superstar:
HILLBILLY JIM
Height: **6' 7"**
Weight: **286 lbs.**
Hometown:
Mud Lick, Kentucky

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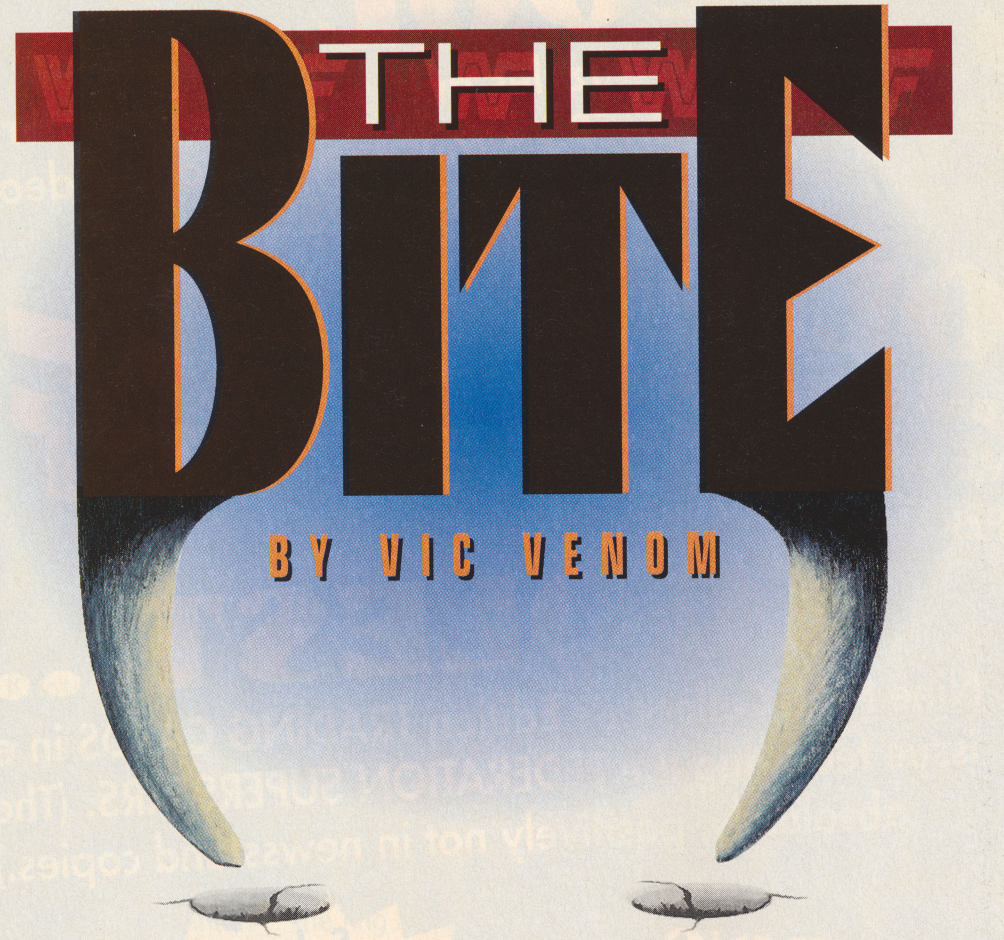
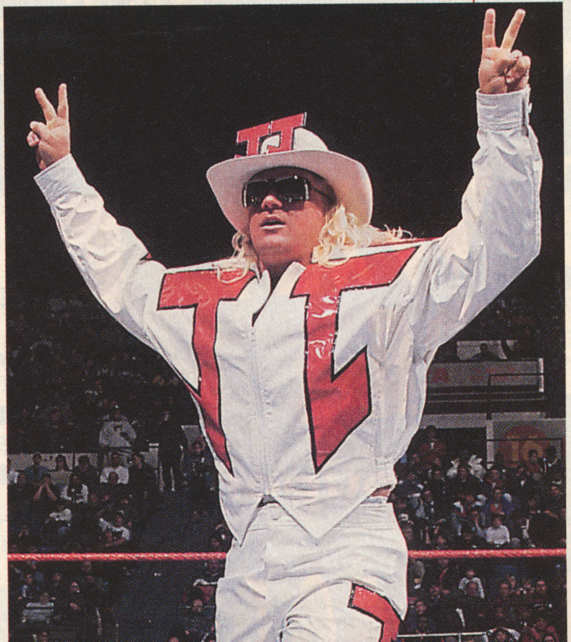
THE BITE



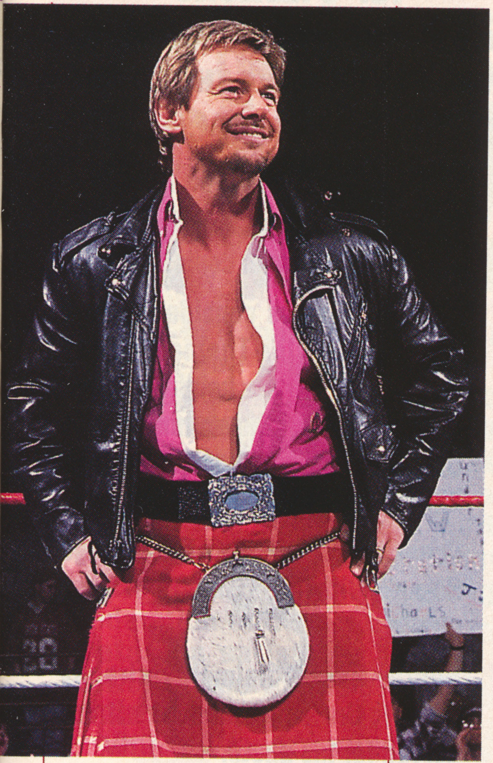
BY VIC VENOM

ALL RIGHT! Just who was the rocket scientist that said let's put Rowdy Roddy Piper into office?! I'd like to get a small dose of what that moron is taking! Is it just me, or is this guy mentally incapacitated? How do you assign a loose cannon like this to run the World Wrestling Federation? Did anybody care to check this lunatic's resume? In his prime, this maniac beat people over the head with coconuts when they didn't listen! Having Piper running the World Wrestling Federation is just like having Kramer running the United States of America—BAD IDEA!!!

I say kick this geezer out before someone gets hurt! Piper doesn't have control of HIMSELF—let alone the World Wrestling Federation! I mean, did you see the way he got in James E. Cornette's face at February's *In Your House*? What brought that on? Cornette was being the perfect gentlemen! The guy never did anything wrong to anybody! As a matter of fact, I even hear his mother was in attendance in Louisville! How can you humiliate a guy like that in front of his mommy?!!! Of all the heartless animals!!! Piper, I don't know who you think you are, but it is time to "bagpipe" yourself back under that rock you came from!!! There is no room for thugs like you in this neck of the woods! Take your skirt—you Sissy Mary—AND GO BACK HOME!!! Now—WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT THAT?!!!

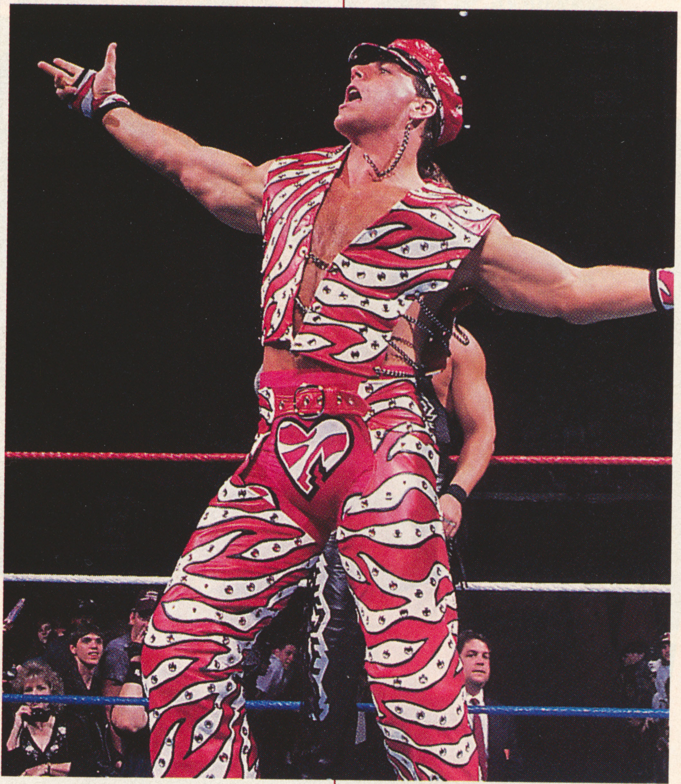


Next on my agenda—GOLDUST. You know, why don't you people out there leave this guy alone? I mean, maybe YOU GUYS are the fruitcakes out there!!! I'm sick and tired of everybody always complaining about this guy—especially those of you who threaten not to let your kids watch the World Wrestling Federation anymore! What? Are you people kidding me?!!!! First of all, what exactly has Goldust done? Some people are saying they're offended because Goldust "rubs" himself? HELLO—McFLY!!!?? The guy's the greatest



movie star that ever lived—HE'S IN LOVE WITH HIMSELF!!! Is there a problem with that? I love myself; are you not going to allow your children to read this column anymore? ALSO, I hear that you have trouble with the verbiage of Goldust. Especially the "INNUENDOS" aimed at one Razor Ramon. Goldust has never—AT ANY TIME—said ANYTHING obscene. It's all in the PERCEPTION of you people. You see and hear what you only WANT TO SEE AND HEAR!!! Before you protest the "Golden One," maybe you need to take a long look—AT YOURSELVES—in the mirror!

Goldust is a "performer"—granted, he's a bizarre and eccentric "performer"—BUT he is a "performer!" He has the right to express himself the way he sees fit! His "X-ratedness" is only in YOUR minds. The guy is a "psychological genius," and not only has he blown the minds of his opponents, but he has you people at home reeling pretty good too!!! My recommendation to you is this: If you "REALLY" want OBSCENE, just keep watching Ricki Lake and the six o'clock news!!!



You want more VENOM?!!! MY PLEASURE! What's with this KLIQ? And what exactly is a KLIQ? In my opinion, the word KLIQ could mean only one thing: the ugliest group of low-class, big-butted, teeth-missing, BO-smelling mammals to ever form as one. You know, why don't you people get a life? You follow this Shawn Michaels character around like he's some kind of a GOD or something!!! I hate to burst your bubble, but Michaels ain't no GOD!!! Gifted athlete—YES, but god—NO!!! Now if you really want to worship someone, then look no further. I wrote the book on godhood! Reading this column is the closest you'll ever come to a "spiritual encounter." Why do you think they call the Bite the BIBLE ACCORDING TO VIC!!!

LATER, LOSERS!!!

To hear Vic Venom and get his unique insight, call him every Thursday thru Sunday on the World Wrestling Federation Superstars Line at 1 900-737-4WWF, and choose option number 4—Beyond the Pages of the World Wrestling Federation Magazine. (Call is $1.49 per minute. You must be 18 years of age or have your parent's permission before you call.)

TALES FROM THE TURNBUCKLE

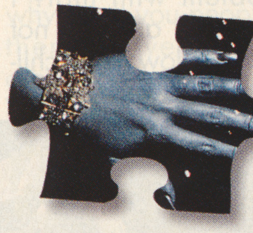
All You Need To Know

TOP 5 REASONS WHY THE "NEW" ROCKERS WILL NEVER MAKE THE COVER OF TIGER BEAT MAGAZINE

1. **Small potatoes when compared to the Bobby Sherman comeback!**
2. **Back page news considering that Jonathan Taylor Thomas finally reached the proper height requirement that now allows him to ride the Mad Hatter's teacups at Walt Disney World!**
3. **Doesn't top "Lunch at the Old Age Home" with the Osmond of your choice.**
4. **Hunter Hearst-Helmsley already bought the cover and has it reserved for his photo.**
5. **PETER BRADY FINALLY REACHES PUBERTY!!!**

YOU DON'T SAY

Believe it or not, James E. Cornette has a sincere love of animals. As a matter of fact, one of his many pets is a sewer rat named "George." However, there is one animal that the walking blue light special loathes with a passion—you guessed it—SNAKES!!! What a "REVELATION!"



PUTTING TOGETHER THE PIECES OF MANKIND!

The mask, the fingers, the piano, the footsteps, THE RAT!!!

What does it all mean?

In the months that follow the mystery will unravel.

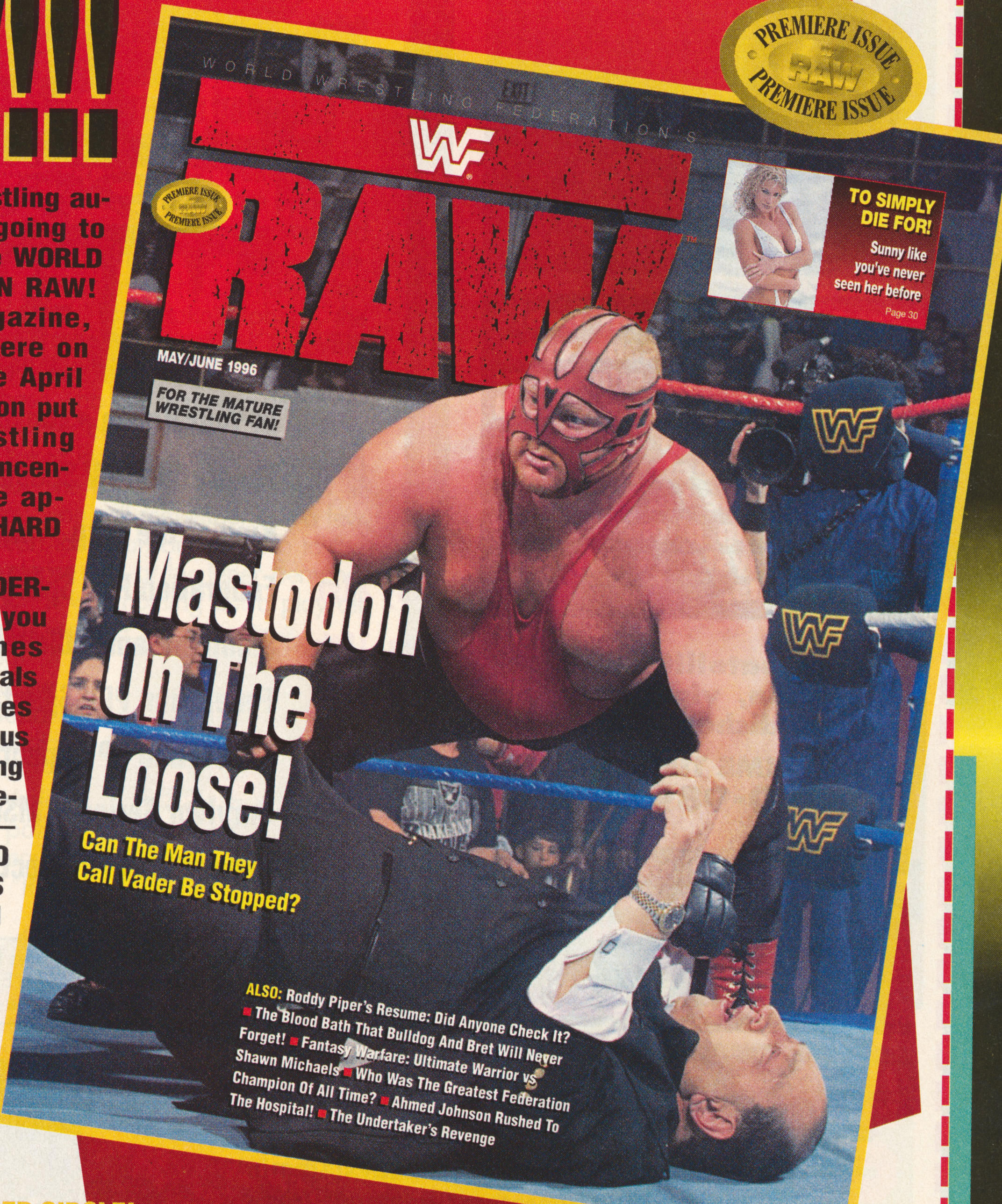
Mankind is here—and he has a story to tell.

A story that you are not going to believe.

THE PREMIERE ISSUE OF WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION RAW!!!

Geared to a mature wrestling audience, you are never going to experience anything like WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION RAW! This controversial magazine, which makes its premiere on newsstands everywhere April 16, is the first publication put out by the World Wrestling Federation that solely concentrates on satisfying the appetite of the extreme "HARD CORE" wrestling fan!!!!

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION RAW will present you with behind-the-scenes news, uncensored editorials and hundreds of pictures that they wouldn't allow us to print in World Wrestling Federation Magazine! Believe me when I tell you—THERE WILL BE NO HOLDIN' BACK IN THIS ONE!!! If you want to read it like it is, well, here it is—IN YOUR FACE!!!



TO SIMPLY DIE FOR!
Sunny like you've never seen her before
Page 30

MAY/JUNE 1996

FOR THE MATURE WRESTLING FAN!

Mastodon On The Loose!

Can The Man They Call Vader Be Stopped?

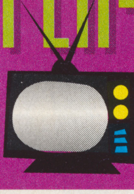
ALSO: Roddy Piper's Resume: Did Anyone Check It? ■ The Blood Bath That Bulldog And Bret Will Never Forget! ■ Fantasy Warfare: Ultimate Warrior vs Shawn Michaels ■ Who Was The Greatest Federation Champion Of All Time? ■ Ahmed Johnson Rushed To The Hospital! ■ The Undertaker's Revenge

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE ARTICLES THAT WILL BE IN THE PREMIERE ISSUE:

- **TOO HOT FOR THE SQUARED CIRCLE!**—(A Sizzling Sunny Pictorial)
- **THE MAN THEY CALL VADER!**
- **WHERE BLOOD RUNNETH OVER!**—(Exclusive Bret/Bulldog Photos From December's In Your House)
- **WHO WAS THE GREATEST FEDERATION CHAMPION OF ALL TIME?**
- **AHMED JOHNSON RUSHED TO HOSPITAL!**
- **THE TAKER'S REVENGE!**—(Exclusive Photos From February's In Your House)
- **FANTASY WARFARE**—(The Ultimate Warrior Meets The Heartbreak Kid Shawn Michaels)
- **THE INFORMER—STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!!!**
- **VIC VENOM UNCENSORED!!!**—(Wait Until You Read His Comments Regarding ERIC RIPOFF!)

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION RAW!!! BRING IT HOME IN A BROWN PAPER BAG!!!

HOW TO ORDER PAY-PER-VIEW



1 **Call your local cable company. Your cable operator will have specific information on how to order and the cost of each event. You can also check your last month's cable bill for a special ordering phone number for your system's pay-per-view events.**

2 **For satellite dish reception, via the larger C-Band dishes, call:**

PRIME TIME 24
1-800-989-7526

3 **For direct satellite reception, via the smaller KU-Band dishes, call:**

DIRECT TV
1-800-347-3288

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION PAY•PER 1996 VIEW

Apr. 28th	In Your House • Omaha, NE
May 26th	Federation PPV Spectacular • Florence, SC
June 23rd	King of the Ring • Milwaukee, WI
July 21st	Federation PPV Spectacular • Vancouver, BC
Aug. 18th	SummerSlam • Cleveland, OH
Sept. 22nd	Federation PPV Spectacular • Newark, DE
Oct. 20th	Federation PPV Spectacular • Site TBD
Nov. 17th	Survivor Series • MSG, New York City
Dec. 15th	Federation PPV Spectacular • Site TBD

Venues subject to change

1) All events are on Sunday at 7pm ET. 2) Replays for all in Your House events at 9pm ET. 3) Replays for all five other events are at 10pm ET. 4) Encores for all five other events are the Tuesday following the event. The times of the encores are 8pm and 11pm ET.

THE FOLLOWING IS A HINT!

If you want to advance in the bodyslammin' World Wrestling Federation Superstar Game... store this clue somewhere in your cranium!!!

Remember...the Bulldog's rugby team is dangerous...but they can be easily distracted by a little ale.

(To play the World Wrestling Federation Superstar Game, just call 1-900-737-4WWF and choose option no. 3. The call is just a $1.49 per minute and children 18 years of age or under must have their parent's permission.)

"QUOTE OF THE MONTH"

"I ain't buyin' the David Copperfield routine."

—Big Daddy Cool Diesel following the antics of the Undertaker at February's In Your House.

CHEER, CHEER, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!!!

BUT ALL ISN'T FUN AND GAMES IN THE CLUBHOUSE!

Believe me, there is nothing in the world better to the World Wrestling Federation fan than having the opportunity to see former Federation greats grace the squared circle once again!!! The last few months have been every "armchair gladiator's" dream! With the return of the Ultimate Warrior, Rowdy Roddy Piper and Jake "The Snake" Roberts, the World Wrestling Federation is the talk of the town! HOWEVER, is all really that well in Mudville?!

If you remember, some of those who are returning didn't actually leave on the best of terms with one another. One glaring situation that stands out like a Yokozuna in a haystack involved the Ultimate Warrior and Jake "The Snake" Roberts. Now, if you're a longtime Federation fan, you will remember that a few years back Jake offered to escort the Warrior on a trip to the "dark side" in an attempt to release him of his inner demons. However, as we soon found out, it was nothing but a ploy all along, as Jake was merely setting up the Ultimate One for his own taking!

Before that incident could be resolved, the two went their separate ways, choosing much different paths to travel. But as anything CAN—and DOES—happen in the World Wrestling Federation, those paths have crossed again! While it may indeed be true that Jake found "Revelations" along the way and changed his evil ways by accepting the supreme being in his life, the question that still remains is this: Is that enough to satisfy the Ultimate Warrior? Is the Ultimate Warrior going to be able to forgive and to forget that easily?

STAY TUNED!

ULTIMATE WARRIOR

WORLD TOUR DE FORCE MOVES ON!

April

17TH–Berlin, Germany
18TH–Rostock, Germany
19TH–Halle, Germany
20TH–Bayreuth, Germany
21ST–Stuttgart, Germany
22ND–Munich, Germany
28TH–Omaha, NE (IYH)
29TH–Sioux City, IA (Raw)
30TH–Des Moines, IA (Superstars)

May

9TH–Ottawa, ONT, Canada
10TH–Quebec, QUE, Canada
11TH–Halifax, NS, CN

BENEATH THE SKIN

AN INTERVIEW WITH:

Shawn Michaels

PART TWO: THE KID AND TH

SHAWN MICHAELS CHASES HIS DESTINY

■

(Editor's Note: In part two of this exclusive World Wrestling Federation Magazine interview, Shawn Michaels tackles such issues as: the ladder match that changed his career; his personal relationship with Big Daddy Cool Diesel; the horror he faced in Syracuse, New York, and how close he really did come to retirement; Vince McMahon; his loyalty to the Federation; and what the future holds for him.)

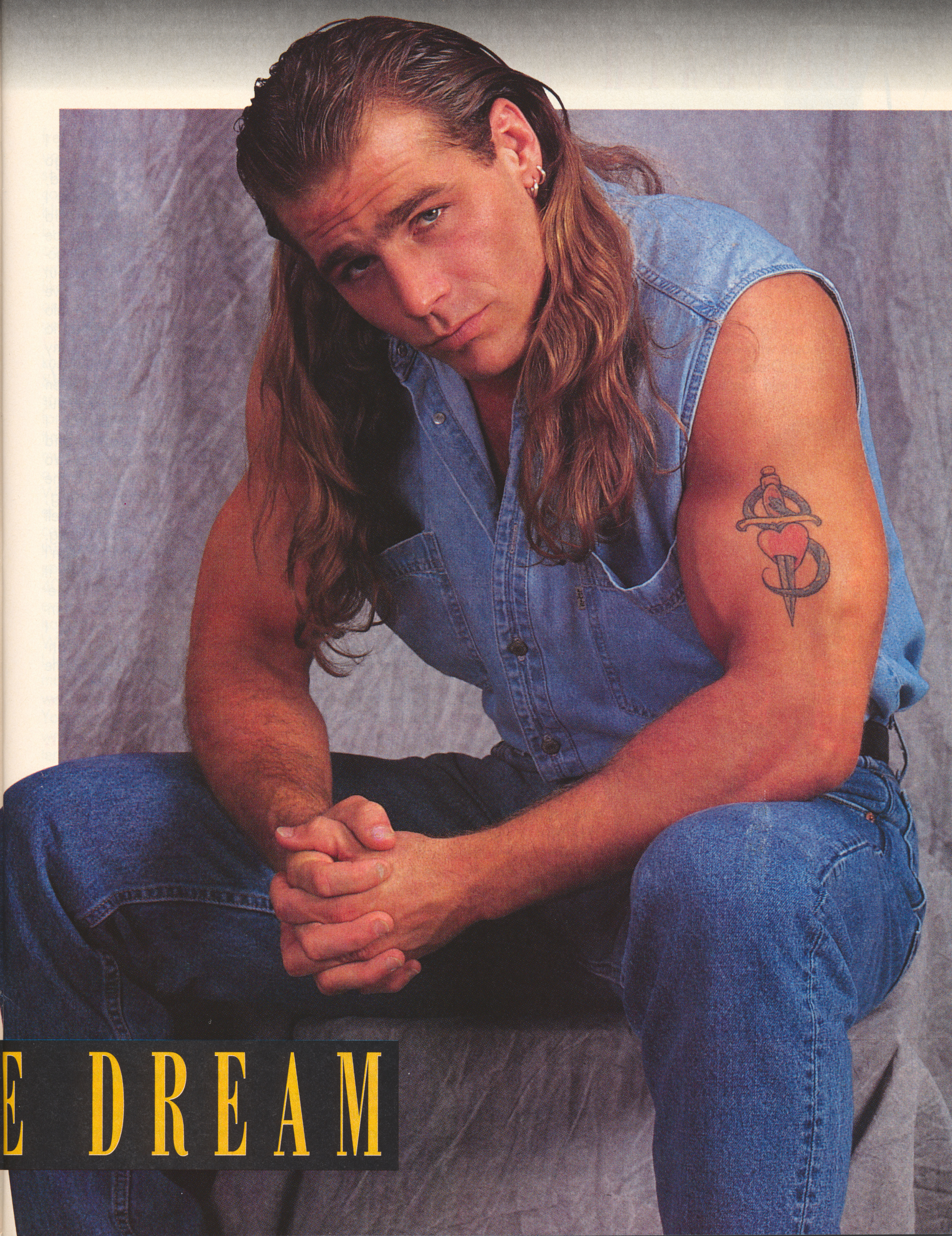
EDITOR: Following the break-up of the Rockers, success came soon for you as a singles competitor. You soon became the Intercontinental Champion after you defeated the British Bulldog on the last Saturday Night's Main Event. However, just as you seemed to be reaching the pinnacle of your career, you had a major setback. In front of the cameras you were stripped of the IC Belt by then Federation President Jack Tunney for failing to defend the title within the allotted 30-day period, and behind the cameras rumor had it that you may have been going through some personal problems in your life. What exactly was going on at that time in your life?

SHAWN: That was just a case of more jealousy. That happens to people who are successful in this business. It happened to Marty and me, and then it happened to me alone—ten-fold. I probably could have handled myself better, but at the time, because of the enthusiasm, excitement and everything else, I didn't think I had any problems. I didn't think I could do any wrong. I was doing what I wanted, when I wanted and following my own rules. Some people that obviously were jealous and intimidated by the fact that I was obviously moving up the ranks were hassling me. It was unfair, but they passed down the rule and I ate it. First I thought that I might leave, but eventually I was able to work things out with the Federation.

EDITOR: Much to your credit, you came back to the Federation in dramatic fashion. For lack of a better term, you seemed to be taking no prisoners. Personally, I believe that it was the ladder match with Razor Ramon at *WrestleMania X* that might have given you newfound respect not only from the fans but from your peers as well. That one match seemed to skyrocket you to superstardom status. Would you agree with that?

SHAWN: Yes. I think the ladder match was a history-making event for both me and Razor, but I think everybody knew who the general was in there. I think, if nothing else, that people saw my work ethic for the first time. They realized how important it was for me to perform in front of people and to try to steal the show and hog the spotlight. They also started to realize that it wasn't from a spoiled, rotten-brat point of view; it was from a deep hunger within me. It was important to me because I love my job, and I love to perform. You know, you wait your whole life to appear in Madison Square Garden before 20,000 people! Whether you're a winner or a loser, who cares? To hear those people yell, to feel that building shake around you, that is the greatest feeling in the world. Once you've had it—you've got to have more. I'm addicted to it. There's an old adage in this business: "You don't go to the people—you make the people go to you." I just decided that was bul1!@#$%! I was goin' to the people!

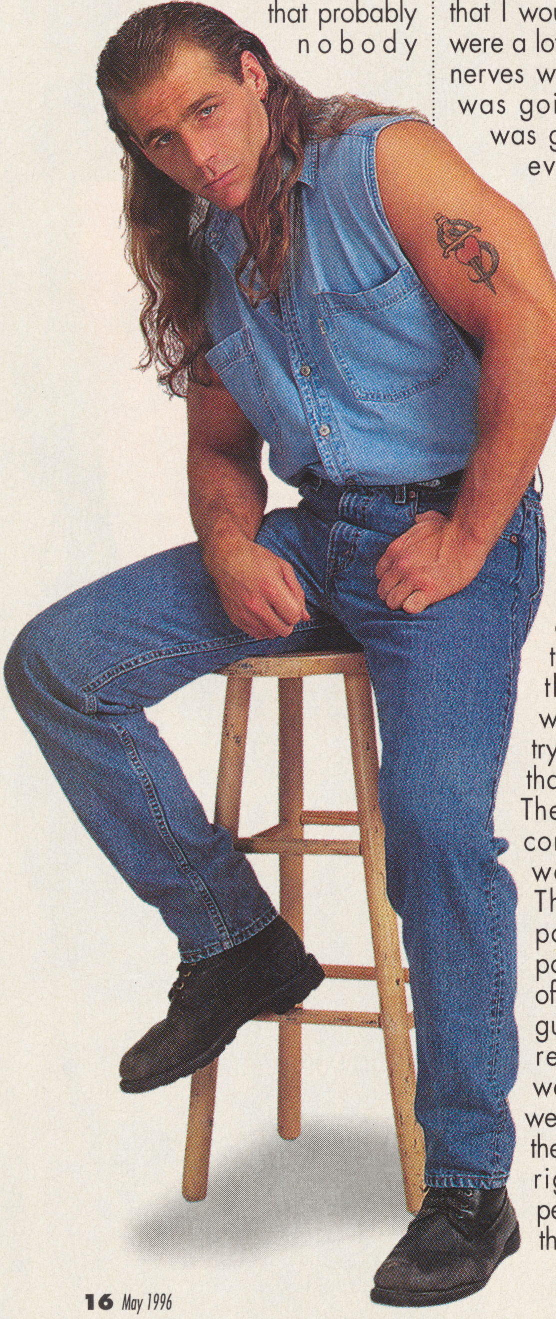
EDITOR: Around the time of that ladder match, another significant development took place in both the public—and personal—life of Shawn Michaels. His name? Kevin Nash, a.k.a. Big Daddy Cool Diesel. There is no question that Diesel has had a tremendous influence on you inside the ring, but what about outside the ring? You and Diesel seem to have an extremely close personal bond. What has Big Daddy Cool brought to your life, and what have you learned from him?



E DREAM

BENEATH THE SKIN

SHAWN: The biggest influence Diesel had on me was that he helped turn me into a man. I was still, I think, a boy when I first met Kevin. I was having fun, but I was also very emotional. I'd get worked up about a few things, and I was all alone fighting this fight against a lot of people who were after me. When Diesel came in the door, I told him nobody liked me and that probably nobody would like him. He didn't care. I never meshed with anybody better than I mesh with Kevin Nash. That's when I figured out what real friendship was compared to the friendships I had had in the past. He stuck by me. He came in the door not having ever met me and not knowing who I was, and he trusted and believed in me. Every time I started to get upset or emotional, he was always there to make sure that I would make it. There were a lot of times when my nerves were frayed, and I was going wacky and I was going to run—but every single time he stopped me, picked me up, talked in my ear and reminded me what he and I were doing was right. We were doing what was supposed to be done in this business. He reminded me that it was jealousy, it was intimidation, it was all the things that I thought it was, while people were trying to convince me that it was different. They were trying to convince me that it was all my fault. Through his support—and the support and friendship of a couple of other guys—we started to realize that WE were the ones who were right; WE were the ones doing all the right things. Then people started to see that. People got behind Diesel; people got behind Shawn Michaels—good guys or bad guys, people knew that we were cool. They knew that we were friends—REAL friends not the bull!@#$% friendships you see in wrestling. It was the REAL thing.



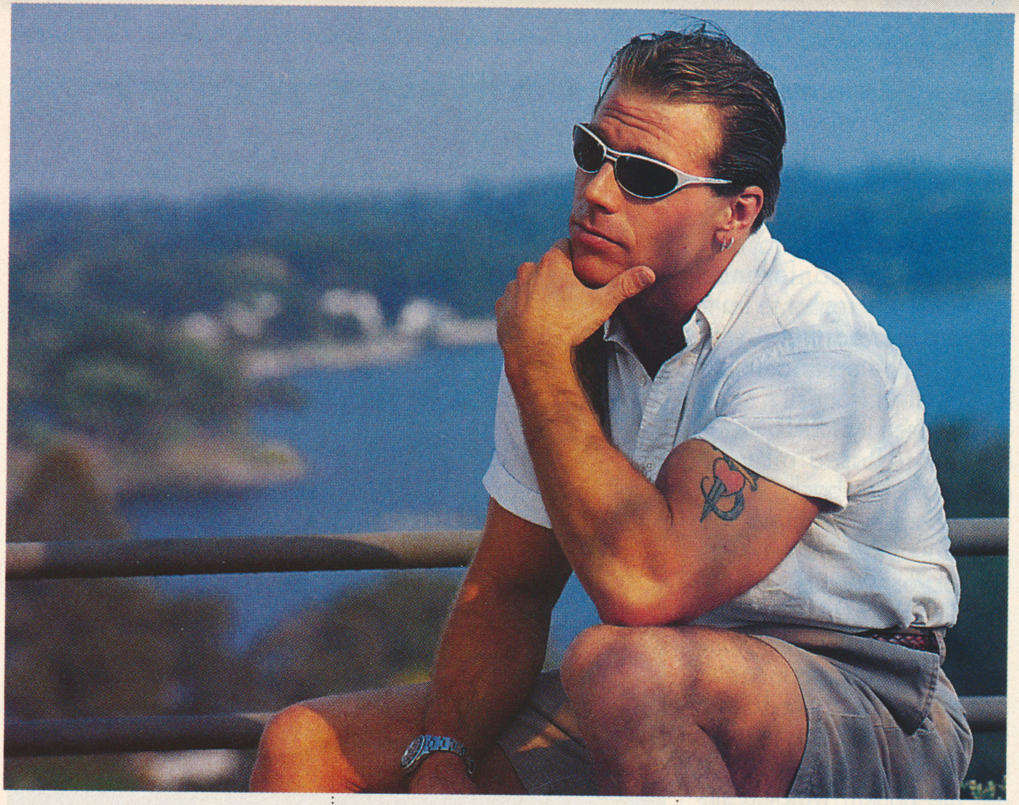
EDITOR: Shawn, much to your credit, you fought your way back to the top by regaining the IC Belt in June of 1995—but once again, a detour. This one, however, was a much more tragic one. Syracuse, New York. The story's been rehashed over and over again, so there's no point in discussing the incident. What I want to talk about is the time you took off. What was going through your mind then? Was there ever a point during that time when you thought that Shawn Michaels—as the world knew him—was finished?

> **"When I got beaten up... I lost the fire that was always in me. I lost the hunger, I lost the enthusiam, I lost everything!"**

SHAWN: Yes. For the first time ever I lost... I've never had my noggin beaten in like that, and I've taken a lot of beatings. I never once claimed to be the toughest, I've never claimed to be the biggest and the baddest, but I've always known that I was a really good athlete. I think that's something that's much different about our sport now. We're athletes, and I'm a really gifted athlete and an incredibly hard worker. When I got beaten up... I don't know... I lost the fire that was always in me. I lost the hunger, I lost the enthusiasm, I lost everything! From what I understand, I guess that's what you go through. I was depressed, and for the first time ever I wondered... I really did wonder if I would ever be the same again, if I was going to be able to go out there and do what I do. I've never had to try to get into character. I've never had to make an effort to find my charisma or my flamboyance. It's always just been there when I walked out from behind the curtain. I feed off the people, and they feed off me. For two weeks there, when I came back from the beating, while I was resting, it just felt like something was missing. It wasn't the same. It wasn't flowing through me like it did before. I knew something was there. Then the incident happened on *Raw*. I sat at home, and I wondered if I would ever be the same. I didn't feel like working out. I didn't feel like going anywhere. I was just sittin' on the coach, surfin' with the clicker. I got calls from everybody. I got calls from you; I got calls from my friends; everybody was concerned. (Laughing)I even got calls from wrestling fans who weren't supposed to have my number! When my mom called, she knew right away that wasn't her son on the other end of the line, (laughing) and she came right away! Even when I told her not to, she still came right away! All right, I'm a baby. I'm a mama's boy; I freely admit it. She came up, and she was worried, so she watched me for a couple of days. I was stumbling into stuff, I was mumbling, I couldn't think, I couldn't sleep. Nothing was... nothing was clicking like it used to. It was gone, and I didn't know if it was going to come back.

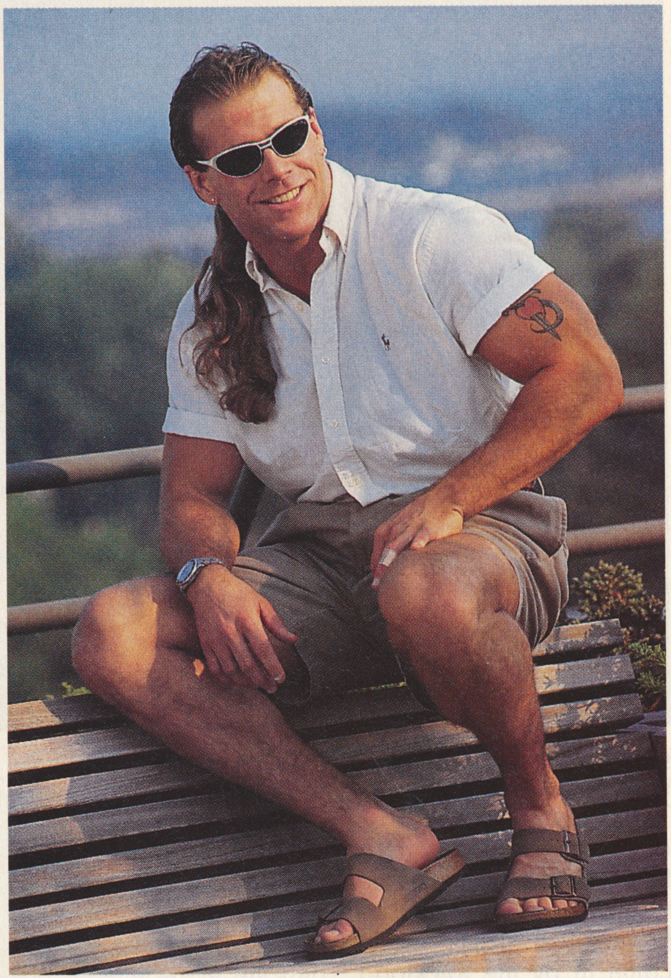
EDITOR: When did you know it had come back?

SHAWN: Well, I got to spend Thanksgiving at home for the first time in a long time. Then I went back to my parents' house for about a week before Christmas. While I was there, my brother was getting me on America Online every night, and that's when the change happened. I was receiving over 400 messages a night when every other superstar might have had 100 at the most. When I got on there (AOL), I found that there were so many people out there who were concerned about me. You know, everything in wrestling is always a mystery. Everyone thinks this is real and this is not real, but everybody knew that this was VERY real. Everybody started to understand how important my job was to me, and it was genuinely bothering them that there was a guy who loved what he did, loved to go out and perform for them—and they weren't going to be able to get that any more. I think the wrestling fans have been lied to before. I think there had been guys they THOUGHT were for them, and then it turned out that they really weren't. Now they were going to lose a guy that was really genuinely for them. It bothered them—and it bothered me. I got all worked up... I cried. I saw all the messages, I got TONS of mail and I read it all. There was stuff coming to my house from people who weren't supposed to have my address, but it came in by the truckload anyway! That's when I started to really realize how much of an influence I was on this business and the people. I also realized how much I had wanted all this to happen to me—and it was finally was! And here I was, possibly not being able to come back and perform. I got emotional. I got worked up. I just knew I had to start doing something to come back. I also think that being home for Christmas, being with my family, being with friends I hadn't seen in years—my high school buddies—just getting to do things I hadn't done for a while really helped. Going to football games, basketball games, being in San Antonio and hangin' out with my friends. That was something I hadn't been able to do for the last 10 years. Just like the Rockers thing, I started to come back. I started to get back in the gym, I started to train and the more letters I got and the more stuff I read on the internet—it started psyching me up! I just started to come back. I guess I just needed the time. Now, everything seems to be clicking, but I can't forget about what all the people did. They were worried, my friends were worried, my parents were worried, but I had waited a long time—a lifetime—for people to think I was cool, for people to think I was a big deal... to be important to people. It happened, and now I have to start paying back. That's what I'm going to do from now until the day I get out of the business.



EDITOR: How emotional was that *Royal Rumble* press conference for you?

SHAWN: The entire thing was emotional for me. From the time I got hurt to the time I came back—to now. I thought I wasn't ever going to get to do one thing—the only thing that I had ever, EVER wanted to do. To see people at that press conference worried about me... I even saw some people crying! They were worried that I wasn't going to be able to come back. That stuff gets to me. It may be fantasy to some people, but this was all very REAL to me. You've got guys out there who write—they think they know everything about the wrestling business. None of them know Shawn personally. People think they know Michael (Shawn's legal first name). There is no Michael. I'm Shawn. I've never been Michael a day in my life. My mother has called me Shawn from the day I was born! Anybody who knows me knows that I'm Shawn, and they know how much



this means to Shawn. These guys who write this stuff how this is a work and that is a work, that's bull!@#$%! This was all REAL to me. That press conference proved it! The response from the fans proved that it was REAL to them, and if it's REAL to them and it's REAL to me—then it's REAL!

EDITOR: Based on your personal comeback, would you consider winning the past *Royal Rumble* the highlight of your career?

SHAWN: So far. Actually, coming out before the *Rumble* to that response, to the people... for them to acknowledge in the way they did that they were happy to see me back... was the single greatest feeling I've had in the 11 years I've been in this business. I thought I'd felt it at Madison Square Garden after *WrestleMania X*, when the people acknowledged they were thankful for my giving the performance I gave. But to get it again ten-fold, as the good guy, as the guy the people feel is their guy—and I am; I'm their guy now—is the greatest feeling in the world. I'm not the guy in the yellow tights who had the entire world believing in him and who then turned his back on everyone because it wasn't real to him. I couldn't live with myself if I did that. I couldn't look myself in the mirror if I wasn't being honest with everybody. If anybody wants to know about me, I tell them as best as I can! If it's none of their business, I'll tell them so. But if I'm going to get the response I did at the *Rumble*, I believe I have to be as good to these people as they are to me. They're with me now, I'm their boy and I'm going to stay their boy! That's why I'm calling them my Kliq now, because that's what it is. They showed me they believe in me. All sports guys say how important people are, and I don't know if they believe it or not, but I'm a firm believer now. I'm getting to feel it. I felt it in Fresno, and it was a blast! I do want to rule this business! And everybody can take pride in the fact that the guy who's going to be at the top of this business is a good, honest guy.

EDITOR: Do you ever regret being in the spotlight. Is it difficult for you to have a personal life?

SHAWN: It's becoming difficult in that I don't have a whole lot of personal life. Everybody prints everything about my personal life in the papers, magazines and stuff like that. Every now and then it does get to be too much. People are all over you; your phone rings the entire time when you're with your parents or you're with your girlfriend, BUT at the same time you don't have the right to put your face on TV every week, you don't have the right to have all these people come and see you and not acknowledge them. So, it's difficult sometimes, but it's a price I'm willing to pay. I have good days and bad days, but for the most part I have to say that I'm diggin' it. I'm trying to be as good as I can about it. I am emotional—and a regular kind of guy. I don't think I would ever say no to a fan, but I might run to my room real fast because I do need a couple of minutes to myself. But again, if that's as bad as it gets, I can handle it!

EDITOR: Do you feel as if you're misunderstood?

SHAWN: Sure. There are few people in this business that really know me. That's because most of them haven't bothered to take the time—which is fine. Other people have busy agendas too, but misconceptions are going to happen. That's just something I can't control. I can look at myself in the mirror and know I've gotten where I've gotten because of hard work—not because I stabbed anybody in the back. People can spread rumors about me, but the fans now know what kind of man I am. They know this job is real important to me, and they know it because I love it, I love to perform for them and I love to make them yell. All that other stuff is going to happen—it comes along with the job. The more popular you get, the worse it gets, the more people take shots at you. I think I'll probably worry about it more when nobody is talking about me at all. It's a whole new life, and it's a whole new experience. But again, I asked for it, didn't I? So, I guess I'm going to have to take it!

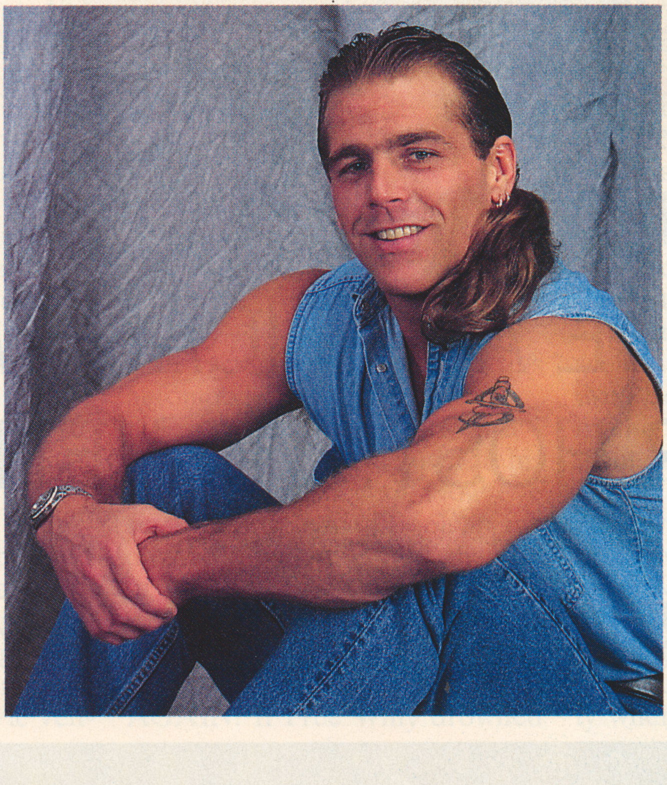
EDITOR: Let's talk about your loyalty to the World Wrestling Federation. There have been some defectors recently, thinking that the grass is greener on the other side. Perhaps being coaxed by the almighty dollar. What is your position on this issue?

SHAWN: To me, it's all about performing. It's about hearing the pop. It's about hearing the yell. I figure that everything else is going to come along—and it has. I've been fortunate to do well in this business. I've had people offer me huge sums of money and a lot less work... but the fact of the matter is that the difference between the Federation and everywhere else is that the competition and the opportunity are here. Everywhere else it's determined where you're at when you come through the door. Here, you've got a chance to be on top. I started at the bottom jerkin' the curtain, and now I'm the top dog. That's because I've worked my ass off. Everywhere else it's politicking. Everywhere else it's who you know. I don't want that. As for my relationship with Vince McMahon, it's open communication. I tell him when I think he's wrong, and I tell him when I think he's right. We argue, we fight, we're friends, we're enemies, we're everything.He respects me, and I respect him. As far as I'm concerned, the Federation is about performing and giving the best for the fans. That's not the way it is everywhere else. As for the money, I make wonderful money, and I work hard for it. My dad worked hard for his. That's how it should be. Things are tough now. I sleep well knowing I work my ass off for everything I have. I don't have any desire to do anything else. I'm happy here because the Federation is about wrestling. It's about performing for the fans.

"I sleep well knowing I work my ass off for everything I have. I don't have any desire to do anything else."

EDITOR: Shawn, is there anybody in the business that you feel may be a threat to you and your destiny?

SHAWN: There isn't anybody in this business that I sweat. I can outwork anybody in this business or at least go toe-to-toe with them. If there is anybody who thinks he's better than me, he can certainly come here and try. And I'm sure they're going to tear down the house—but they're not going to be better than me. If they are, then I'll just work my ass off more to get even better. People don't like that, and everybody has their favorites and that's fine, but people now know the integrity of Shawn Michaels. I'm going to do something that a lot of guys in this business have never done and don't care to do—and that's that I will leave this business with my integrity and my dignity intact!



EDITOR: If you weren't Shawn Michaels the sports-entertainer, what do you think you would you be?

SHAWN: I have no idea. I never had any desire to do anything else. I can't conceive of being anything other than Shawn Michaels the Federation superstar AND champion! After I do that? I might be Shawn Michaels the Hollywood actor OR the guy that sits around in the Calvin Klein underwear to get his picture taken.

EDITOR: What about marriage? And a family?

SHAWN: Oh, I'd like to do that someday, but I don't know if there's a woman out there who would be able to put up with me and my schedule and everything else. But ultimately, I want all that old-fashioned kind of stuff because that's how I was raised. I was raised around family. I have two wonderful parents, and we're all very close. We're like the mob. (Laughing) You know, you hurt one of us, and we all come after you. I want a woman who's going to stand by me. An attractive, intelligent woman—I can't help it. I want kids. I want all that stuff.

EDITOR: When all is said and done and the name Shawn Michaels is brought up, what do you want people to remember the most?

SHAWN: Work ethic. How hard he worked for himself and for the fans' enjoyment. It's not about money because the money's going to come, and I've made some... I've done all right. It's trying to be the best in this business, even just having somebody call me the best. Again, everybody is going to have favorites, but if somebody comes up and says, "You were the best at this time" or "You were the best at that time" or "You tore down the house," that's the greatest reward. I want to be known as the guy who went out there and gave 110 percent every night. I want to be known as the guy who went out there every pay-per-view and tried to steal the show. I want to be known as the guy who, when you heard his name, you said, "He's going to give us his best!"

VIC VENOM'S LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FILTHY RICH

AT HOME WITH
THE NATIVE AMERICAN TATANKA
YOUR HOST: VIC VENOM

Robin U. Leach, eat your heart out!!!

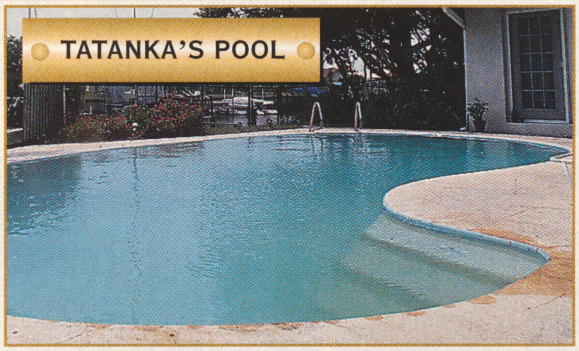
CROWN EUROCARS

TATANKA'S MERCEDES

What? Do you think the great Native American Tatanka is going to let ANY SLOB into his home? I DON'T THINK SO! However, being that we are blood brothers—I mean, I do have season tickets to the Cleveland Indians—out of the goodness of his heart, Tatanka personally invited me to go on an exclusive tour of his mansion!

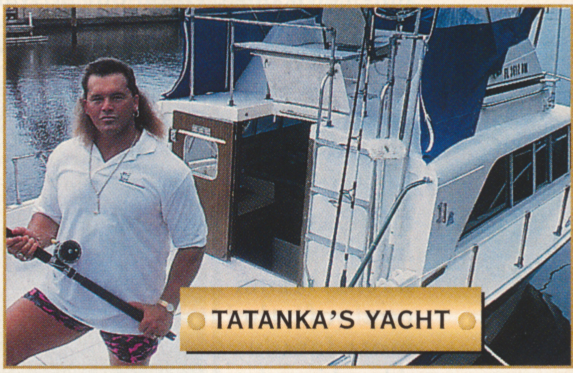
I flew out to the "House That the Great Chief Built" on Tatanka's personal Lear jet. From New York to Florida, the ride took, oh, about 20 minutes. Loaded with modern technology out the ying-yang, we were traveling faster than the speed of sound. That, however, didn't stop the bodacious blond stewardess from coming on to me for the entire trip! Once we had landed at "Port Wampum," Tatanka greeted me with peace pipe in hand, and together we set out to visit his Indian Museum!

As we approached the sprawling 1,000-acre estate, the first thing that caught my eye was a beautiful azure blue Mercedes-Benz, glistening in the mile-long driveway. Do you have any idea the chicks that the Great Vic Venom could get with this car? Anyway, back to the mansion. The 1995 car was an E Class 320, the very top of the Mercedes line! It was detailed in solid gold and costs a WHOPPING $53,000! Which, I might add, Tatanka paid in CASH! This luxurious chick mobile had the finest leather interior, a CD player, a moon roof, a cellular phone and a built-in security system. I mean, let's face it, your average LX could live in this automobile!!!



TATANKA'S POOL

From there, Tatanka and I took a short train ride over to his lake—I mean his pool. Now I've seen kidney-shaped pools in my day, but this kidney was the size of Wyoming! As a matter of fact, it's quite possible that you could drift out into the middle of this pool and NEVER BE FOUND AGAIN! If Free Willy drowned while swimming in this pool, he would float to the bottom and appear to be A PENNY! Do you get my drift? IT WAS A BIG POOL!!!! Neatly, surrounding "Sea Tatanka" was a luscious Garden of Eden. All kinds of flowers were growing wild, some of whose names even the Great Vic Venom can't pronounce. There were birds of paradise, hibiscus, banana trees—growing like weeds, they were! Also, sitting out on the Italian designer concrete patio were two HUGE gas grills. Big enough for the Chief to cook a herd of five or six small cows if he wanted to!



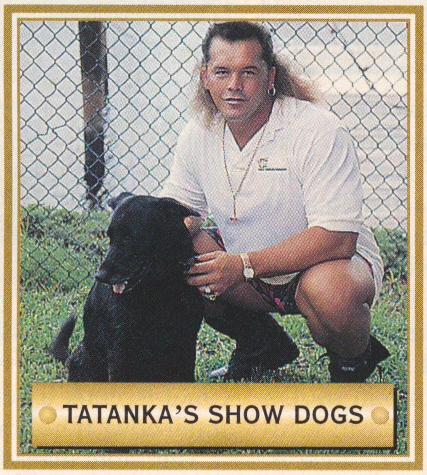
TATANKA'S YACHT

But, hold everything—that was just the beginning! From "Tatanka Gardens" we caught a cab over to "Tatanka Dock," where his 280-foot yacht lived. Now let's talk a little bit about this yacht, shall we? First of all, it could sleep the entire Osmond family comfortably. Secondly, its two 351, 352 (whatever they are) engines supply such thundering horsepower that even Ben Hur would've been left in the dust! Can you imagine what would happen if Pam Anderson caught a glimpse of me in my Bermuda shorts on this baby? She'd want me just the way a baby wants her rattle! Also aboard "Yacht Tatanka" was a state-of-the-art computer system that actually told the Chief exactly where the fish were! Can you

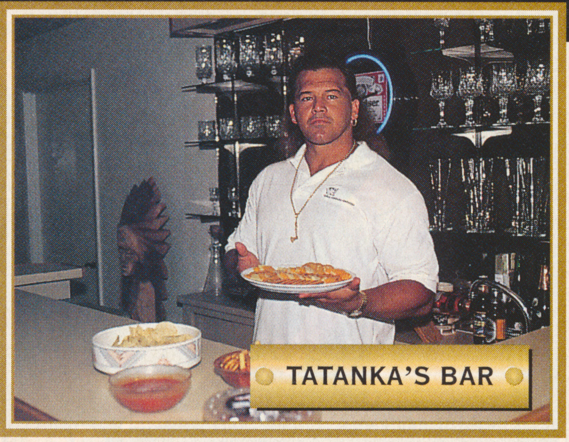
VIC VENOM'S LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FILTHY RICH

imagine? No place for Charlie the Tuna to hide!

As we wrapped up the outdoor tour, we took a shuttle bus to Tatanka's Westminster Kennel, where he houses his award-winning show dogs. Upon our arrival there we were greeted by three of the show dogs—Honey Bear, Turbo and Flex—who had just graduated from one of the most famous obedience schools in Switzerland.

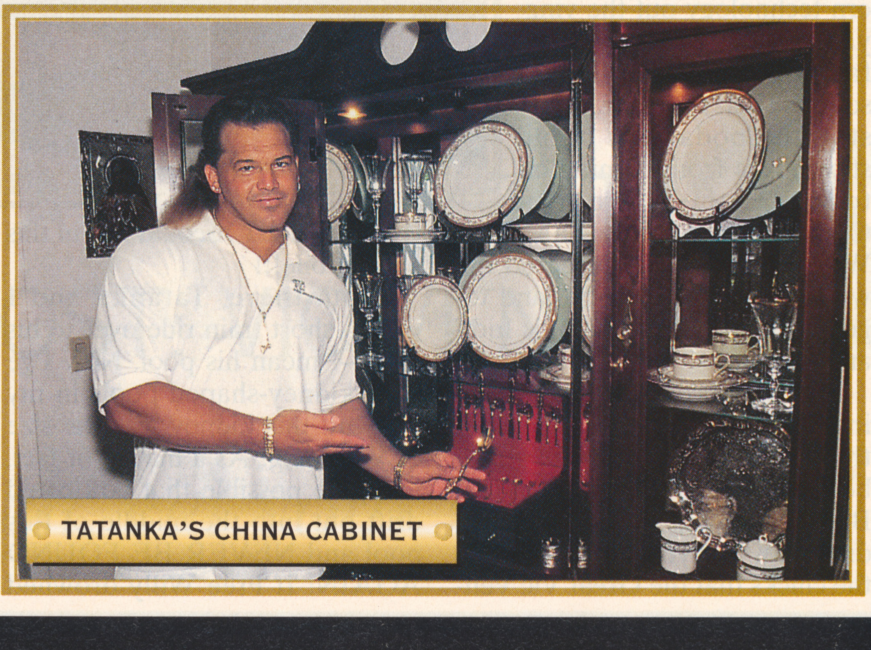

TATANKA'S SHOW DOGS

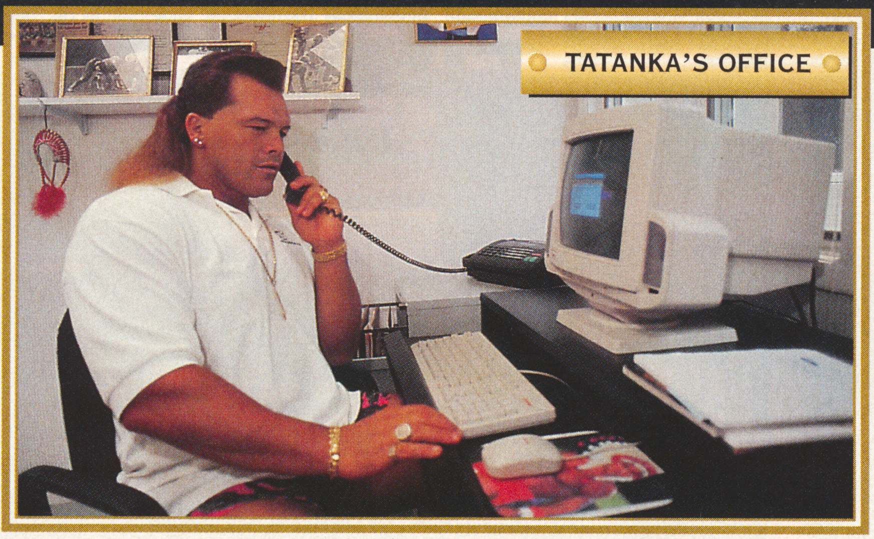
From the kennel we hopped back onto the shuttle bus, which took us back to the "Tatanka Dock," where we took "Yacht Tatanka" back to the mainland. Once I had fully recovered from my travel lag, we boarded a final tram to the "Tatanka Estate." I could have flown around the world in the time it took me to get around this joint! Once in the palace, Tatanka first introduced me to his formal dining area—which just so happened to be laid out on a parquet floor bigger than that of the old Boston Garden! Now I've seen BIG tables before, but this was RIDICULOUS. This table could have easily sat Greg, Marcia, Jan, Peter, Cindy, Bobby, Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Brady and then some! I mean, they could have probably even had the Partridges over! (If you watch *Nick at Night* instead of doing your homework, you KNOW what I am talking about!) It was beautifully handcrafted from the world's finest cherry wood, in which I could even see my own beautiful reflection! The servants probably buffed it with that expensive Turtle Wax or something. From there, Tatanka showed me his expensive matching hutch, which housed gold flatware, gold-rimmed crystal plates and the world's finest Mikasa Crystal. Believe it or not, the Chief actually ate off this stuff! Overlooking the dining area was a formal garden, in which—again—some of the most exotic plants in the world grew. I felt like Adam in the Garden of Eden! Yeah, you guessed it; if Eve were here—she'd want me!


TATANKA'S BAR

From the dining area, Tatanka and I took a short 15-minute walk over to his walk-in bar. It is here that the Chief entertains some of the most influential people in the world! Who? That's none of your stinkin' business! Let the guy have some privacy, will you! Who do you think I am—that Barbara Walters chick who doesn't even give people room to breathe! Vic Venom is a gentleman! And don't you ever forget that! Now that I got that off my massive chest, let's move on, shall we?

Now, as we take an elevator up to the second floor, let me fill you knuckleheads in on a great misconception surrounding the Chief. Throughout this entire house, all you see are Indian—pardon the expression—trinkets. The man is VERY proud of his heritage. This malarkey about his selling out is ludicrous! Everywhere I turn, there is something that reminds you of the Native Americans! I mean, what does the guy have to do, live in a tepee


TATANKA'S CHINA CABINET



TATANKA'S OFFICE

for you to believe him? And family? You say he let his family down? The guy's got a HUGE "family" room in this place, so I don't know WHAT the heck you're talking about!

As we step out of the elevator onto the second floor, we then take an escalator up to the third floor. It is here that we have "Office Tatanka": the brains of the entire compound. Set up with a state-of-the-art computer, 486, 487 (whatever they are), it is here that Tatanka manages his business affairs. He has a direct line to both the New York and Tokyo stock exchanges, so as soon as something happens, he's the first one to know! If pork bellies shoot up, he's right on it!

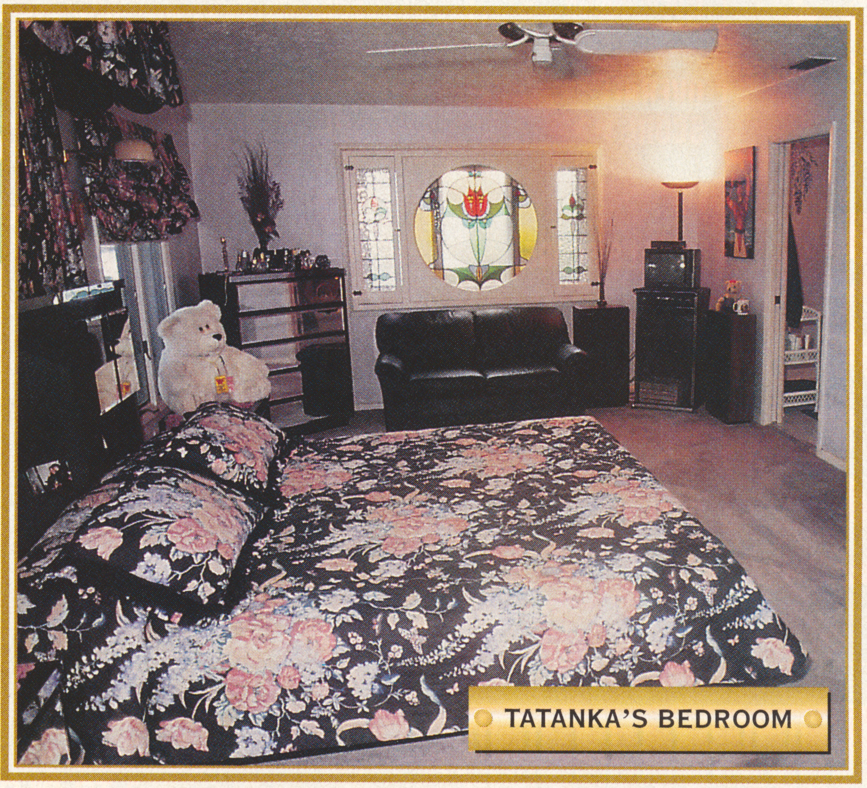
Decorating the office are the numerous awards that Tatanka has won throughout his entire professional and amateur career. The Chief was a standout football player while growing up in North Carolina. As a matter of fact, he was even offered a contract to play for the Miami Dolphins! Of course, he turned them down flat—the money just wasn't good enough for him!

As we take a golf cart over to the other side of the third floor, we pass three massive bathrooms. Why does one guy need three bathrooms? What the heck are you asking me for? I guess he just likes to be REALLY clean. Oh, by the way, all the bathrooms have their own bidets. If you don't know what they are, ask your mommies.

After what seemed like a 10-minute drive, we pull up next to the master bedroom. Now I'm not going to get into any descriptive terms here or anything. I mean, this is supposed to be a kiddie magazine, but let's just say this is Tatanka's SECOND office—if you know what I mean. Designed by a team of New York designers, the Chief's sleeping quarters (yeah, right) are the closest thing to heaven that I have ever seen. Highlighting this room is the finest Italian black lacquer furniture that money can buy, stained glass windows that were flown in from who knows where and MIRRORS, MIRRORS, MIRRORS EVERYWHERE. I mean, you can't take your eyes off of yourself in this place! This would be great for me, being the Greek god that I am and everything—but VERY PAINFUL for most of you!

Of course, the master bedroom has yet another bathroom connected to it, this one with a chandelier and a Jacuzzi the size of Montego Bay! You need a life preserver to go in this thing! Turn on the jets and you might have a natural disaster!

Well, that's about it, losers. Being that it took us about 10 hours to cover only HALF of the Tatanka Estate, the Great Vic Venom is ending this tour for the time being. I mean, even I need my beauty rest! Not only that, but it's probably going to take me another hour just to get to "Tatanka's Hotel and Casino"!



TATANKA'S BEDROOM

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION'S

Video Game REVIEW

GAME TITLE: DEFCON 5

LEVELS: N/A

MACHINE: SONY PLAYSTATION

PLAYERS: 1

MANUFACTURER: DATA EAST

MEGS: N/A to CD-ROM

THEME: ADVENTURE

EST. PRICE: $49.95-59.95

T-BOY'S SCORE

GAME PLAY	5
GRAPHICS	9
MUSIC/SOUND	8
OVERALL SCORE ▶▶▶	6

SIDESCROLL'S SCORE

GAME PLAY	7
GRAPHICS	8
MUSIC/SOUND	7
OVERALL SCORE ▶▶▶	7

Sidescroll & T-Boy Illustrations by: Howard M. Colbert

SYSTEM TYPE

PLAYSTATION

BY T-BOY & SIDESCROLL

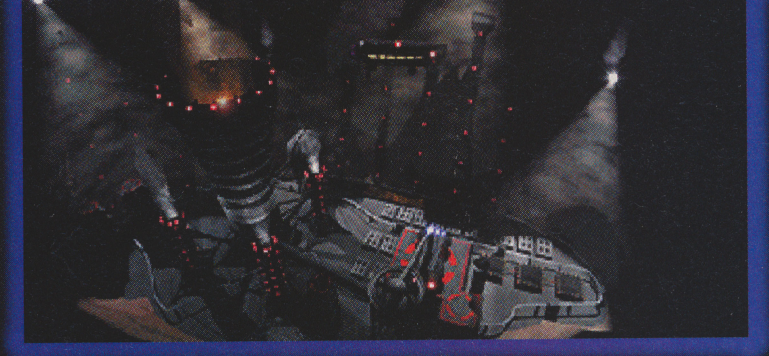
DEFCON 5

Here it is, video game fans! Our first 32-bit review. The Sony Playstation seems to be the hottest new system this year, so we decided to review a space adventure game produced by Data East, which is titled DEFCON 5. So, here it goes!

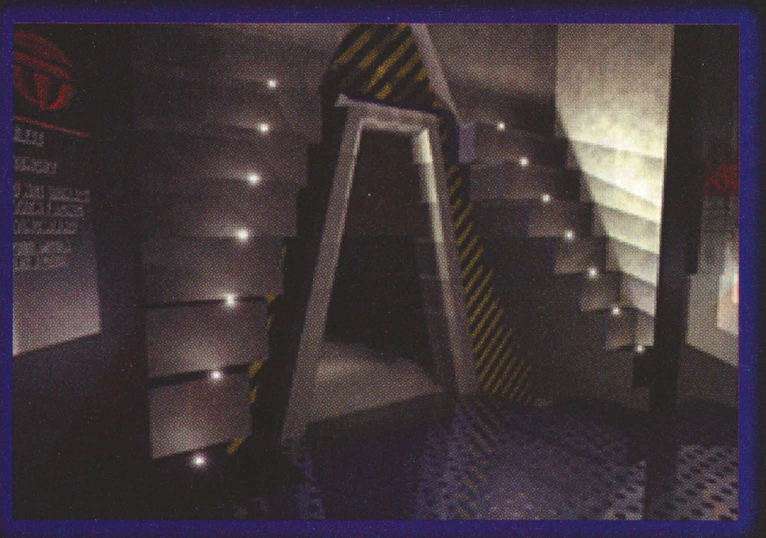
The year is 2204, and a state of Defcon 5 exists. In other words there's nothing but peace. The butterflies are floating, the birds are chirping, everything's beautiful! This is not what the Tyron Corporation wants. They've made their livelihood by building manned defense stations to protect the mining colonies in deep space from possible alien attack. There's only one problem. No one has ever seen an alien, so an attack is as likely as the Ultimate Warrior selling Girl Scout cookies. In step the Tyron executives, a.k.a. suits, who decide to automate everything to cut costs, thus removing all personnel. While your superior was outfitting the first station for the conversion, MRP-6F, he died unexpectedly while experiencing engine failure in his ship. You're a computer geek in this space adventure game, and it's up to you to complete your boss' work installing and testing the defense system hardware.

Here's the twist. You've discovered a secret plot that will jeopardize your mission and your life. In order to survive, you have to collect essential items throughout the base so you can pilot your shuttle back to the mother ship before you become the main course in a wienie roast. Oh, did we mention you have to avoid the dreaded Berserkers! Yeah, that's right, the aliens that nobody has ever seen.

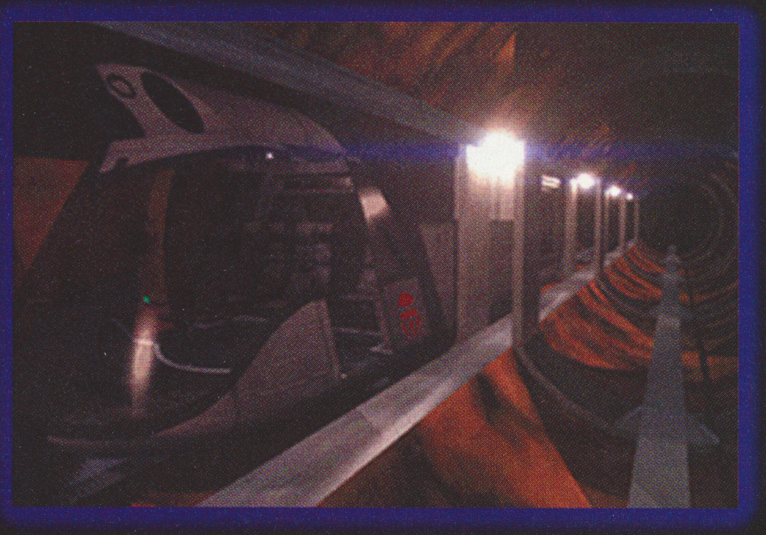
DEFCON 5 has been compared to DOOM, but it definitely has its differences. For one, you're not blowing away the



YOU'LL NEED TO FIND ALL THE ITEMS NECESSARY IN ORDER TO PILOT THE SHIP OFF OF MRP-6F ALIVE.



WATCH OUT! YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'LL FIND AN ALIEN INTRUDER LURKING AROUND THE CORNER.



THE LIMO SYSTEM IS WHAT YOU'LL USE TO TRAVEL BETWEEN DIFFERENT AREAS WITHIN THE GAME.

enemies every five seconds as you would be in DOOM. As a matter of fact, the more you fire on your enemies, the more the room will fill up with lethal gases, stopping you DEAD in your tracks, literally! The action isn't intense, but the graphics are awesome, especially in the opening intro, which will totally blow you away! The game play is smooth, and the scrolling in first-person perspective is exceptionally realistic. Of course, the sound is excellent on a CD-based game, and DEFCON 5 took full advantage of using great background music to really give you a feeling of where you are and what's going on. You'll want a memory card for this one because you'll need to give yourself plenty of time to finish.

DEFCON 5 is a fun space adventure with amazing graphics that will always keep you interested. However, if you're looking for a kick-butt, alien shooter, you won't find it here. You have to be patient with this one, and you have to enjoy sitting back, kicking your feet up and solving a good puzzle.

TIP OF THE MONTH

Game:
X-Men 2 Clone Wars

System:
Genesis

Tip:
To skip any level, pause the game, then press **Left+C** simultaneously, **Up**, **Up**, **Left**, **Down**, **Down**, **Right+C** simultaneously. You will hear a sound, then warp to next level.

Thanks for the tip, Stephen!

Stephen Merritt
Etobicoke, Ontario, CN

READERS' TOP TEN

SUPER NES

❶ WWF Raw
❷ Donkey Kong Country
❸ WWF WrstrlMania-Arcade
❹ Mortal Kombat II
❺ Mortal Kombat 3
❻ Supr. St. Fghtr II-Turbo
❼ NBA Jam: TE
❽ Super Punch-Out
❾ WWF Royal Rumble
❿ Super Metroid

GENESIS

❶ WWF Raw
❷ WWF WrstrlMania-Arcade
❸ NBA Jam
❹ Mortal Kombat II
❺ Mortal Kombat 3
❻ WWF Royal Rumble
❼ Street Fighter II
❽ NBA Jam: TE
❾ Mortal Kombat
❿ Sonic & Knuckles

Hey, Kids! Don't forget to send in your tips and vote for your favorite game for *SUPER NES* or *GENESIS* each month. You can also write to T-Boy and Sidescroll. Send your letters with your name and address to:

World Wrestling Federation Magazine•P.O. Box 3859
Stamford, CT 06902• Attention: Video Game Review

THE CRITICS' CORNER

T-Boy: Sidescroll, we've finally moved up to 32-bit reality. Now this is how game-playing should be.
Sidescroll: What would you know about game playing? You still get excited at the sight of Pac-Man.
T-Boy: Well, I liked DEFCON 5, but I wanted a little more action. Too much plot and not enough alien guts flying all over the place!
Sidescroll: That's just like you. Never satisfied! If you were as intelligent as I am, you might be able to solve a game like this instead of just shooting your way through it! Brainless dweeb!

THE ANIMAL

"AS THEY SAY, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION!"

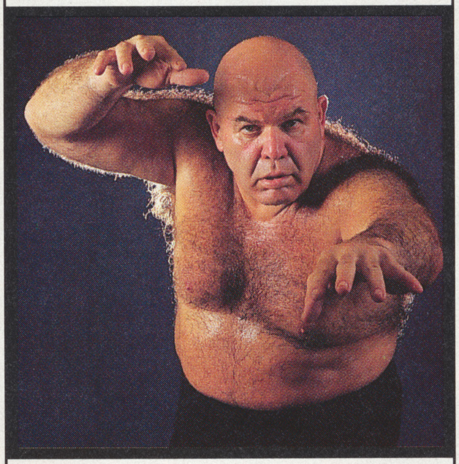
After 30-plus years of silence—of course, with the exception of a few words, such as "How Now, Brown Cow," "Mine" and "Elizabeth"—George "The Animal" Steele spoke for the first time—in detail—when he recently appeared in the World Wrestling Federation area of America Online. The Animal opened up—as much as an animal could—and tackled such topics as: his split personality, eating turnbuckles and why—oh, why—that tongue was green!

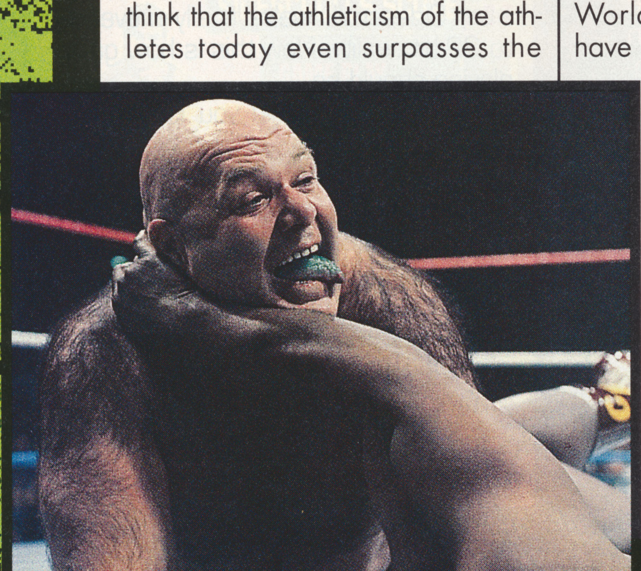
QUESTION: From your viewpoint, how has the World Wrestling Federation changed over the years?

GEORGE: I feel that there have been some great changes. Today's athletes are far superior to the athletes in the past as far as athletic ability is concerned. The wrestlers in the '60s and '70s—when I really broke in—had to concentrate more on developing their skills in the smaller territories. However, I think that the athleticism of the athletes today even surpasses the advantage we had of having the time to develop our trade.

QUESTION: Who do you like in the New Generation?

GEORGE: Again, they are all great athletes, but I think Bret Hart rivals some of the best champions of the past. Like all big-time sports today, including basketball and football, most athletes seem to be in it just for themselves and the big buck. Fortunately, here in the World Wrestling Federation we have athletes who still care about the fans. So for that, I respect them all. The superstars are still loyal to the fans. And the one thing I also found out through the years was that the World Wrestling Federation fans are also very loyal to the superstars!





QUESTION: How would you compare the stars of today like Shawn Michaels, Bret Hart and Owen Hart with the greats of your time such as Bruno Sammartino, Ivan Koloff and yourself?

GEORGE: They are definitely better athletes—no question, but I will never sell our era short. We might have been brought up in the toughest of times. All our parents fought through the Depression, so we were not used to the "soft life" the way most people are today. We also never spent the time in the gym like these guys do—and we also had more fun!

QUESTION: What was the most heated feud you ever had?

GEORGE: Oh God, Bruno, Bruno, Bruno! We had wars upon wars! If it wasn't him, it would have to be Jay Strongbow! No question about those two!

QUESTION: Who do you think is the best of all time?

GEORGE: Me! I never won a title, but everybody paid a price when they walked into the ring! Lots different than Ted DiBiase's price!

QUESTION: Who was your toughest opponent?

GEORGE: I think, without a doubt, Bruno Sammartino. His attitude may have changed over the years, but you can't take that away from the toughness he had in the ring.

QUESTION: Do you miss wrestling?

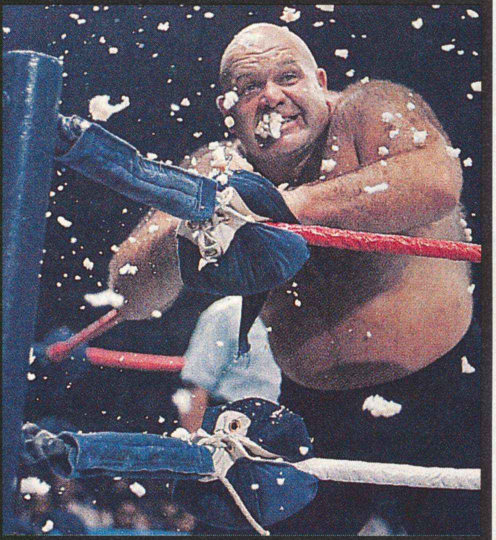
GEORGE: You know, if you can't do something at its best, you don't want to do it at all. I had a great experience wrestling; it was fun. Thank God I wrestled when I did, because these young athletes might have killed me—MAYBE.

QUESTION: What are you doing nowadays?

GEORGE: I'm retired and living in Cocoa Beach, Florida. It's very difficult. My job is to guard the beach and check out the bikinis. It's a tough life!

QUESTION: You did a few house shows last year where you managed Bret "Hit Man" Hart. Will you be making any more appearances sometime soon?

GEORGE: Like everything that happens in the World Wrestling Federation, that would have to be decided by the fans.



QUESTION: Rumor has it that you were a high school principal who only wrestled in the summer months. Is that true?

GEORGE: Well, it could be true. I have two completely different personalities. George Steele, per se, never coached, taught or was a principal. However, somebody else may have used this body to accomplish those feats!

QUESTION: What made your tongue green?

GEORGE: You know, that green tongue became a great trademark for me. It happened due to some kind of magic. Someday I may write a book about it. The funny thing is that a lot of the things that George Steele did in the squared circle tie in to a part of my life before I ever got into the ring! There is a great story about the discolored tongue. Someday I will tell you about it.

QUESTION: Do you still like Elizabeth?

GEORGE: Let me get one thing straight—people read a lot of different things into my actions. I have been happily married for over 40 years. The attraction I had toward Elizabeth was simple—I heard she did windows and my wife doesn't!

QUESTION: Where's MINE?

GEORGE: In the closet. And, unlike Goldust, he's not coming out of it!

QUESTION; Have you had any recent appointments with Dr. Papuffnick?

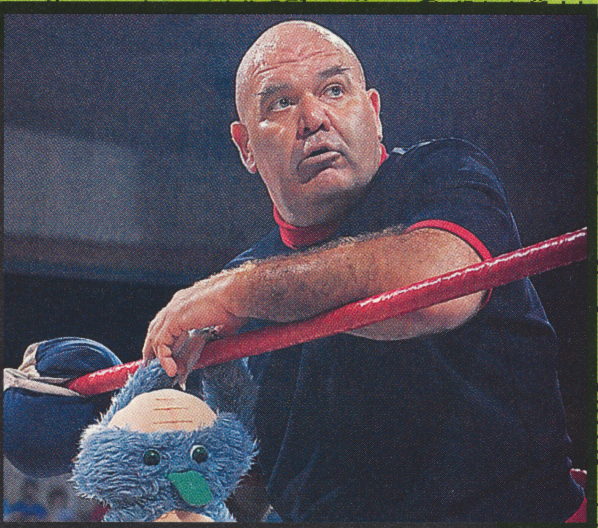
GEORGE: You know, I never really liked him. I liked Sigmund Ziph much better!

QUESTION: What does a turnbuckle taste like?

GEORGE: There is a lot more to the story of the turnbuckle than you might think. That also will be covered in my book one day. However, it was really pretty obvious that it was a great distraction as a LEGAL foreign object!

QUESTION: How did you get the part in *Ed Wood*, and do you currently have any other movies lined up?

GEORGE: Well, Tim Burton, the director, decided to make this movie about a misfit director named Ed Wood, who surrounded himself with many other misfits. One of them was Tor Johnson, a wrestler. Tor and George Steele looked exactly alike! When I first visited Tim's office, everybody was so excited that I looked like Tor, the wrestler turned movie star of the past. Then when I began to research Tor Johnson, I found out that he was the first actor to make monster movies—without wearing any makeup! Helluva compliment, huh? As far as any other movies are concerned, I currently have a movie in the editing room called *Blowfish*. It is a low-budget film that became a much higher-budgeted film as we went along. I think that it is going to be a very successful movie. There is also some talk about a movie that they are going to make here in Orlando called *Drac Is Back*! There is a strong possibility that I will have a major role in it.



SPEAKS

The Questions I Never

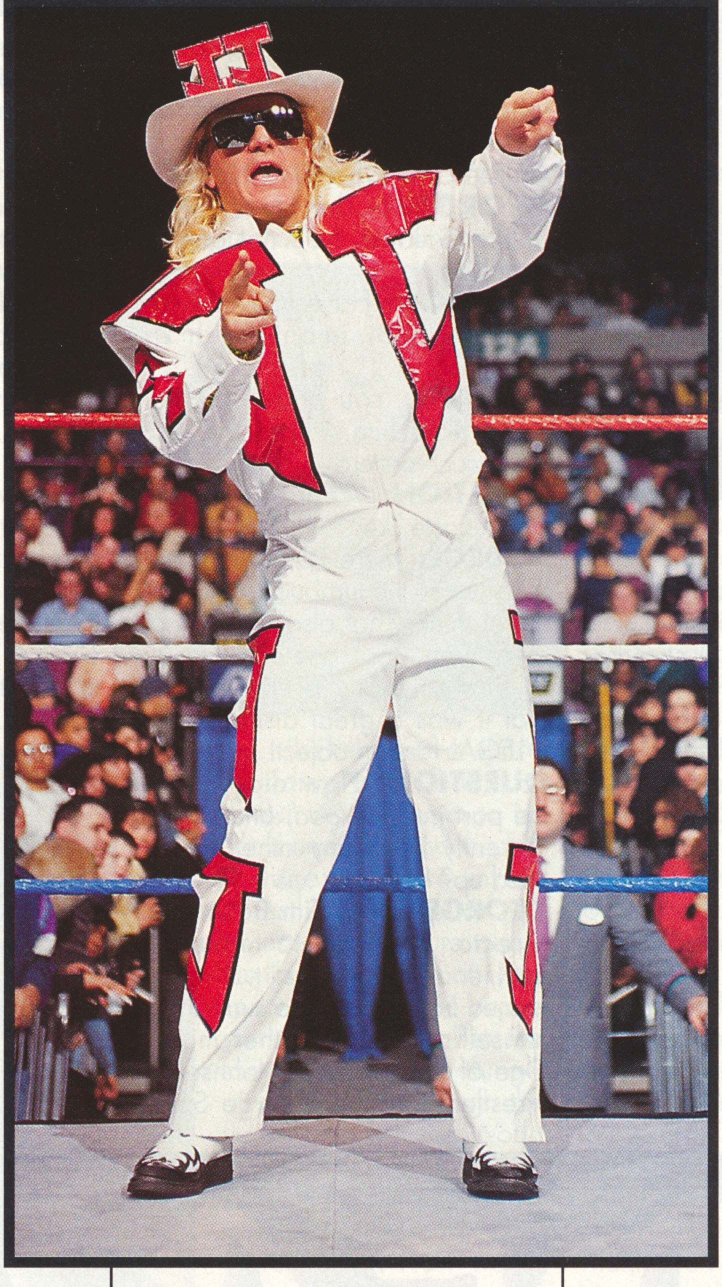
By Vince Russo

I'll never forget July's *In Your House*: the looks on all the faces of the Nashville faithful as hometown boy Double J Jeff Jarrett shoveled crow down their throats with every driving note of *With My Baby Tonight*. For months he had claimed to be the world's greatest singer and entertainer, and on this night he was "seemingly" being true to his very word.

I'll never forget July's *In Your House*: the disappointment on the face of Double J when he dropped his most prized possession, the Intercontinental Belt, to the Heartbreak Kid Shawn Michaels. A title he had worked so hard and so long for had escaped him. It was gone. For the first time EVER, Jeff seemed speechless following the loss.

I'll never forget July's *In Your House*: Double J leaving the arena without even taking a shower or changing clothes. Like a thief escaping the scene of some hideous crime, Double J was gone before you could say J E DOUBLE-F J A DOUBLE-R E DOUBLE-T. There were no reasons, no goodbyes, no explanations.

Jeff Jarrett did not show up for the television tapings the next day. It soon became evident that Double J had left the World Wrestling Federation.



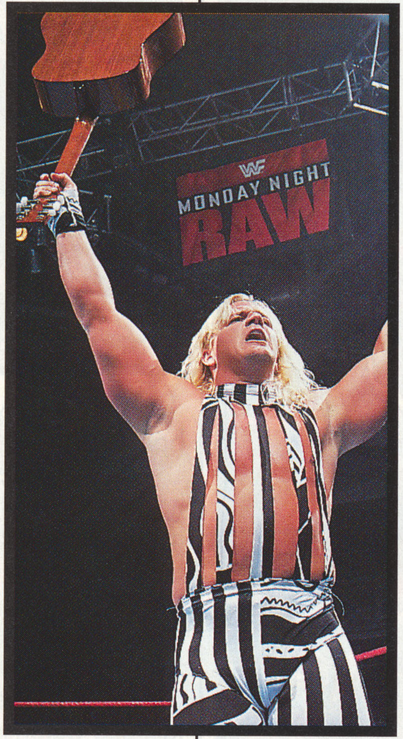
There were a million rumors running rampant on why Double J decided to walk out the door that day—from personal reasons to business reasons to reasons surrounding the Roadie and the singing of *With My Baby Tonight*. Speculation was swirling through the Federation locker room like a Kansas tornado, but there were no real answers. People were even asking me why, since I was considered a friend of Double J—or at least a guy who had managed to put up with him—but I didn't have a clue. Double J never told me a thing.

For five months I failed to hear from Double J. This was odd because the guy had a habit of calling me once a day just to remind me about how wonderful he really was, but this time... there was nothing. No telephone calls, no letters, no postcards. Jeff Jarrett had disappeared from the face of this earth.

It was a week before Christmas when that phone rang. For some reason or other, it sounded like a very strange, yet familiar, ring. A ring that I hadn't heard since sometime way back in July. "Vincee baby, get ready for the Christmas present of your life. Ol'

Double J, that's J E DOUBLE-F J A DOUBLE-R E DOUBLE-T, is coming back to the Double J F!"

I can't say I was surprised. I knew that some way, some time, somehow he would be back.



Shortly after his "smashing" Federation return, I had the opportunity to talk to Jeff at length. Although all he wanted to talk about was just how hard Ahmed Johnson's head was, I was more concerned with the answers to the mystery regarding his sudden sabbatical.

"All entertainers know that timing is everythin' in this business, Vincee baby," stated Double J. "I just felt that with everythin' Double J had going—my video, my title reign, my CD—it was just time for me to disappear for a while. And the fact is that nobody—-NOBODY—knows how to handle Double J's career better than ol' Double J himself!"

"Wait a minute, Jeff," I stopped the conniving cowboy dead in his tracks. "There has got to be a heck of a lot more to it than that. You know, there is a great deal of mystery concerning the Roadie and the "working" relationship you have with him. Did that have anything at all to do with your sudden disappearance?"

"Vincee baby, you just don't ever change, do you? You just keep those same stupid questions comin', don't you? First of all, let's get one thing straight once and for all," he barked. "There is no man in the Double JF who can

beat Double J one-on-one. Shawn Michaels beat me because he had the help of outside interference—the Roadie. You know, I tried to take a guy off the streets and put him with a champion—a great champion—but it just didn't work out. Let's just say that the Roadie didn't quite fill the shoes that I expected him to fill."

"Jeff, let's get to the point, " I demanded. "Did the Roadie sing *With My Baby Tonight*?"

"Do I look like Milli Vanilli to

"All entertainers know that timing is everythin' in this business... I just felt that with everythin' Double J had going—my video, my title reign, my CD—it was just time for me to disappear for a while."

Got to Ask Double J

you, Vincee baby?" he snapped back. "Everybody tried to jump to conclusions that night in Nashville, but my performance spoke for itself! I tore down the house in Nashville that night! I had my entire hometown chowin' down on black crow! They were all up on their feet! The tape speaks for itself! Double J is stating—WITHOUT A DOUBT—that was my song! Drop it right now, Vincee baby, and let's talk about the here and the now!"

Before I could interject, Double J began "singing" his version of the blues. "Let's talk about the conspiracy that's goin' on here in the Double J F, Vincee baby. It starts with Vince McMahon, goes right on through Gorilla Monsoon and Roddy Piper and ends up with Shawn Michaels. Everybody is afraid to give Double J a title shot. I haven't received a doggone one yet!"

"But, Jeff, you've only been back for about a month," I said.

"That's right, and I should have had one about a month ago!" he hollered back. "But no! Everybody is afraid! And not only do they fear me, Vincee baby, but they also respect me! They know that when I step into the squared circle with them, it will be their last title defense, and I will be the new champion!"

"I don't know about that, Jeff," I challenged. "I don't think that I see too much fear in the eyes of Ahmed Johnson."

"Ahmed Johnson? Ahmed Johnson?" asked Double J. "Here's a guy who starts pickin' on me while I'm standin' there mindin' my own business. Ahmed Johnson doesn't know me from Adam! He tried to single me out by sayin' that I was a wannabe singer! If anybody, he's a wannabe wrestler! I've proved that I'm a great singer! I've proved that I'm a great performer! I've proved that I'm a great wrestler! What has Ahmed Johnson proved around here? That he has one rock-hard head?! He tried to single me out, and all I did was give him an attitude adjustment! He should be thankin' me for that!"

Yes, folks, Double J Jeff Jarrett is INDEED back!

PERSONALITY PROFILE

Favorite Band:
Double Js

If I Could Have Done It Differently:
I would have chosen something other than my gold record to break over Ahmed Johnson's head!

Favorite Movie:
The Outlaw Josey Wales

Biggest Thrill In Life:
Making everyone in my hometown eat crow while singing my hit single *With My Baby Tonight* at *In Your House!*

Favorite Actor:
Al Pacino

Person You Would Most Like To Meet:
Elvis

Hobbies:
Water skiin' and singin'

Favorite Fast Food:
A Wendy's chicken sandwich

Favorite Food:
Steak and potatoes

Favorite Sport (Besides Wrestling):
Basketball

Favorite Athlete:
Muhammad Ali

Best Advice Ever Received:
"Live as if you know because you do."

Favorite Actress:
Sandra Bullock

Secret Talent:
I'm a great chess player.

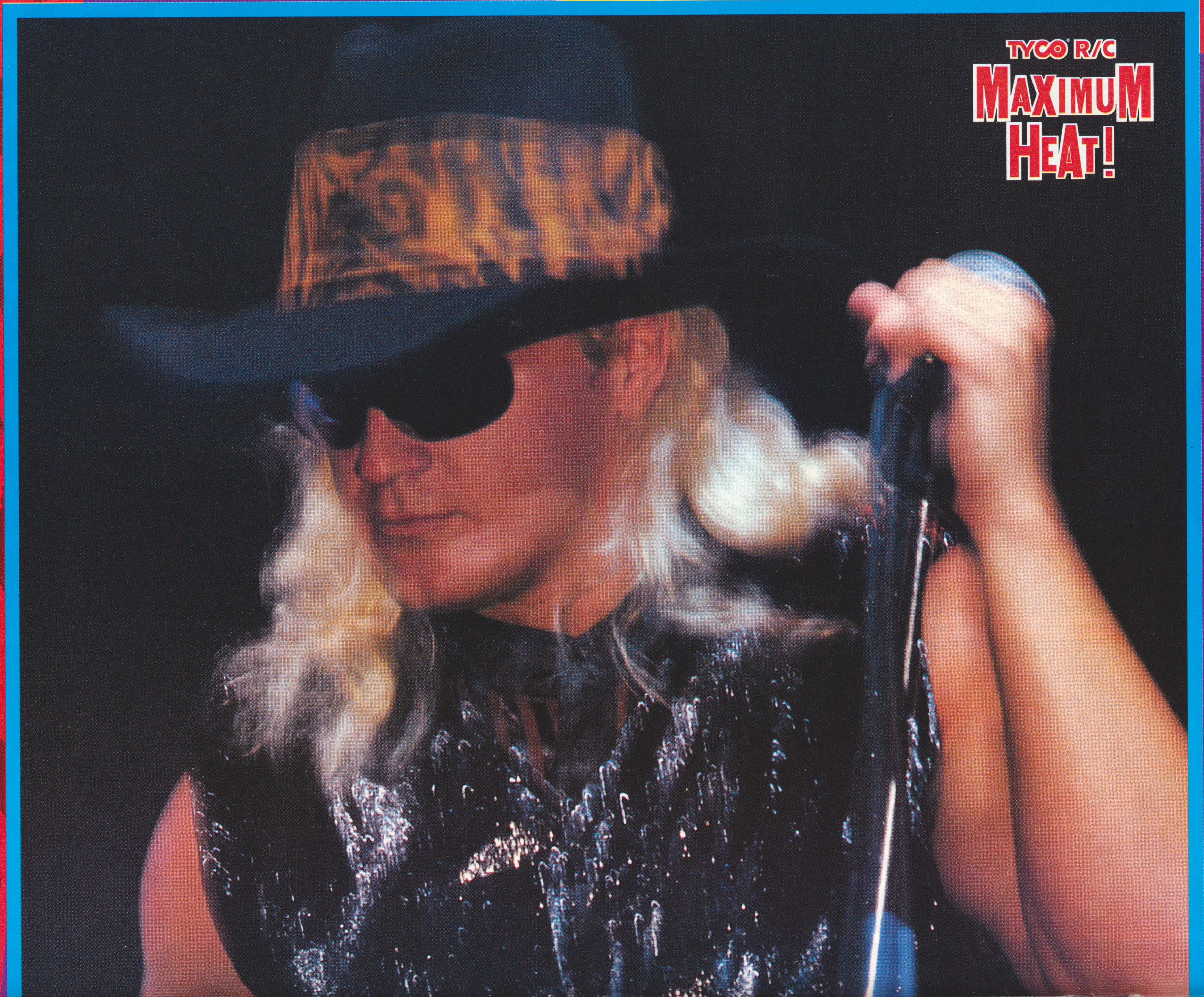
Favorite Cartoon Character:
Yosemite Sam and Foghorn Leghorn

Favorite Television Show:
ESPN *SportsCenter*

Favorite Video Game:
I hate ALL video games! They're a waste of Double J's time!

Height:
6'1"
Weight:
232 lbs.
Hometown:
Music City, USA

DOUBLE J JEFF JARRETT


TYCO R/C
MAXIMUM HEAT!

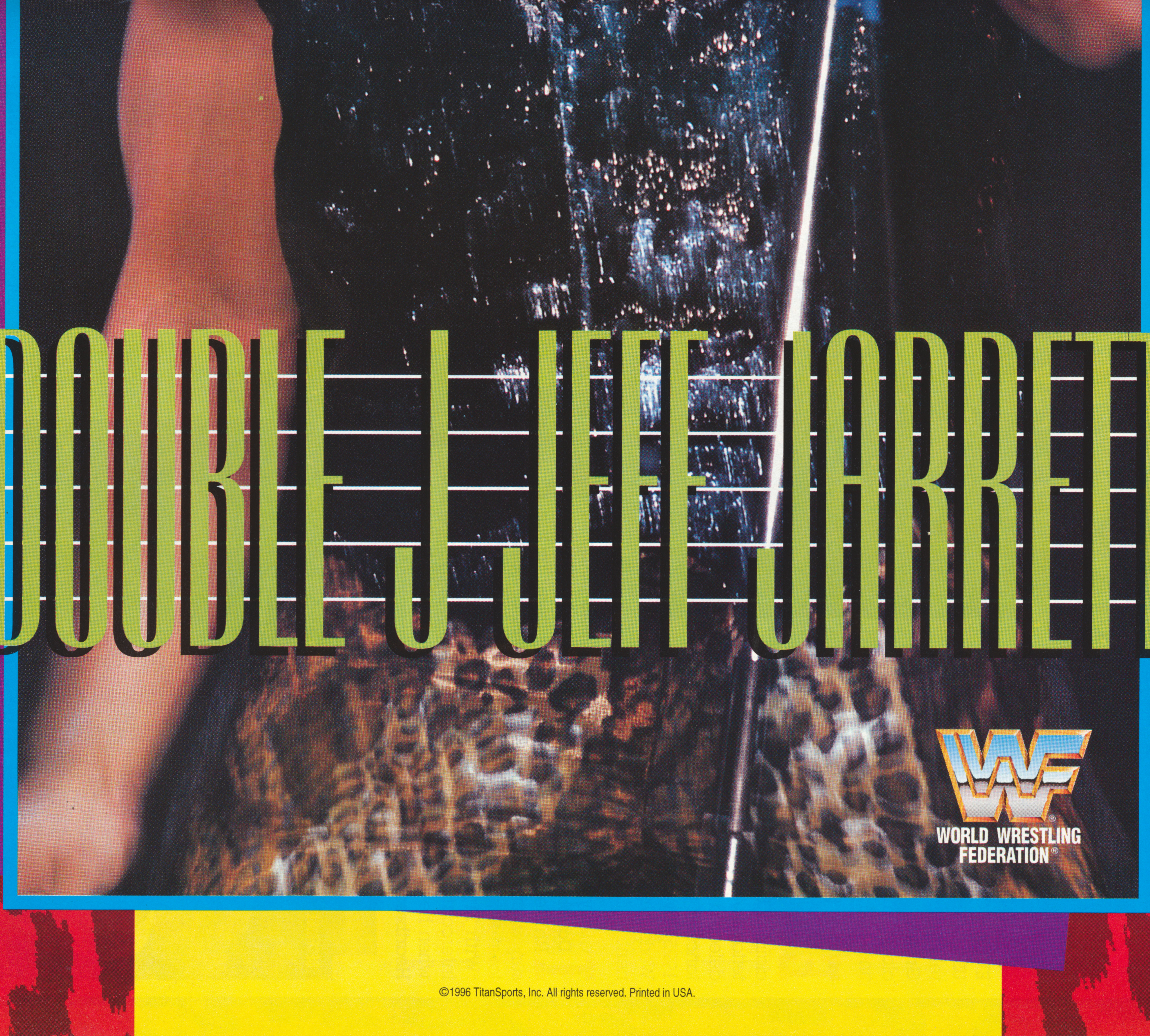

DOUBLE J JEFF JARRETT™
WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®

PHOTO CREDIT: KIT NOBLE

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CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

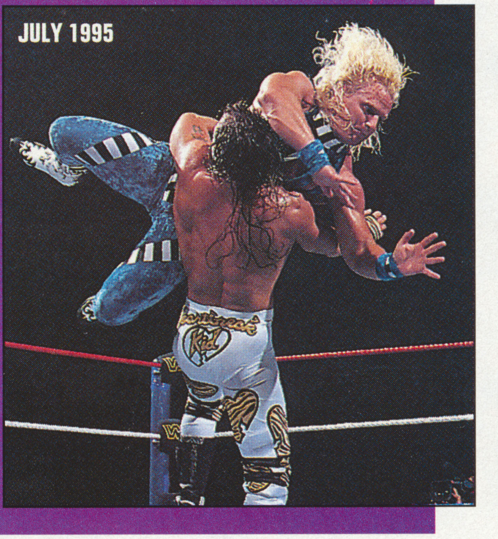
Within months of declaring that he was the **"SINGLE MOST TALENTED RECORDING STAR TO EVER COME OUT OF MUSIC CITY, USA,"** Double J shocked the critics by releasing his first CD entitled **"Ain't I Great."** However, contrary to his claim, many people had problems finding the disc **ANYWHERE!**

1995 royal rumble

JANUARY 22

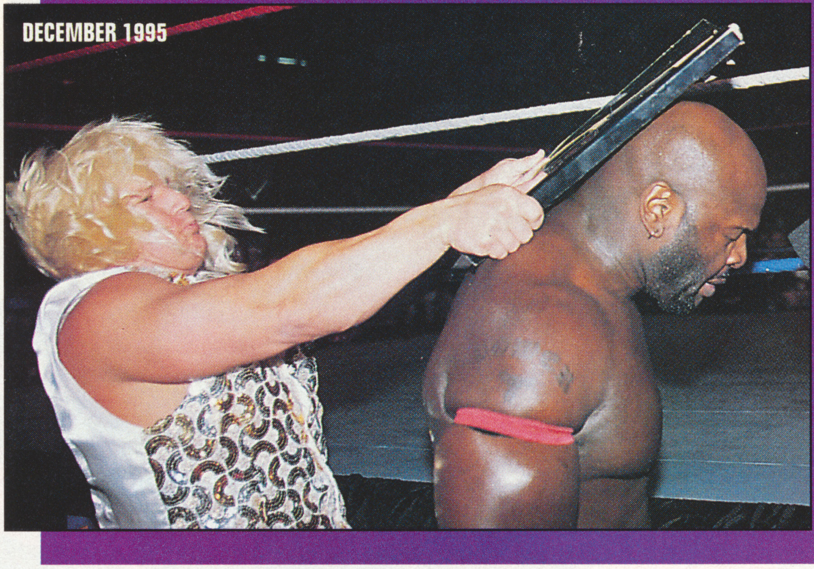
Even though many people hate to admit it, **Double J** did add "some" credibility to his claim of being the greatest singer/entertainer/wrestler of all time when he defeated **Razor Ramon** (with the assistance of the **Roadie,** of course) at the **1995 Royal Rumble** and captured the World Wrestling Federation Intercontinental Title.

in your house


JULY 1995

In July of '95 it was a bittersweet **In Your House** for **Double J,** to say the least. Early in the night, the Rhinestone Cowboy had his moment in the sun when he silenced a sold-out audience of his hometown folk by wowing 'em with the singing of his hit song **"With My Baby Tonight."** However, just hours later the Intercontinental Champion tasted the agony of defeat when he dropped his cherished championship belt to the **Heartbreak Kid Shawn Michaels.**

in your house


DECEMBER 1995

After a five-month hiatus from the **"Double J F,"** Jarrett came back with a "bang" when he showed up at December's **In Your House** to receive a platinum CD from **Jerry Lawler** for selling **500,000** copies of **"With My Baby Tonight."** After accepting the award, **Double J** proved he was a **"smashing success"** when he cracked his prize over the head of an unsuspecting **Ahmed Johnson.** This devious action led to a bitter feud between the two rivals.

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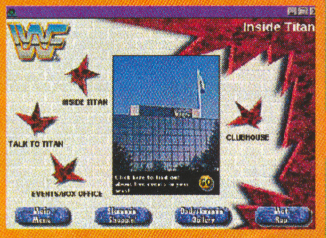
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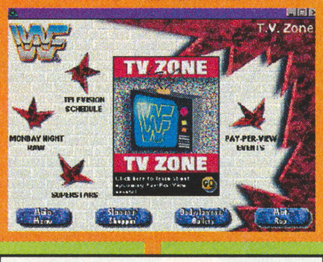
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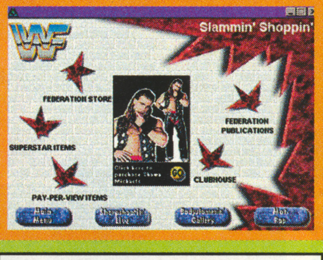
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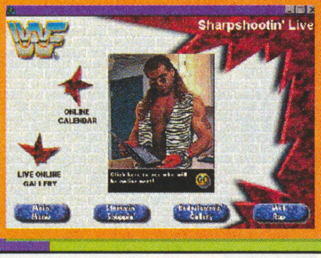
sharpshootin' live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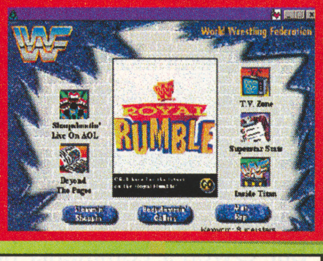
main screen


World Wrestling Federation
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Sharpshootin' Live On AOL
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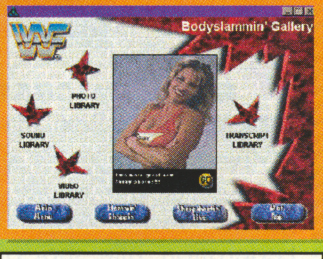
Mat Rap

From the main screen you can access any of these great features that the Federation site has to offer!

bodyslammin' gallery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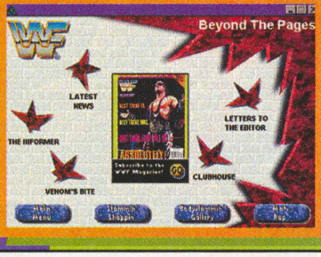
beyond the pages


Beyond The Pages
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THE INFORMER
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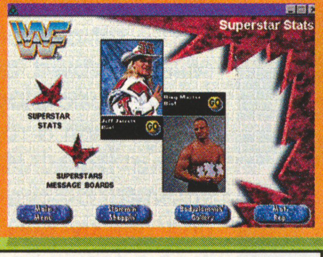
VENOM'S BITE

An inside look at the latest issue of World Wrestling Federation Magazine—before it comes out!

superstar stats


Superstar Stats
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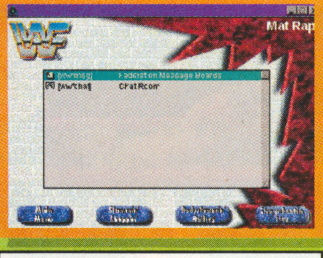
Complete bios, pictures and statistics of all the great World Wrestling Federation superstars.

mat rap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Louisville Gardens
Louisville, Kentucky
February 18, 1996

IN your House

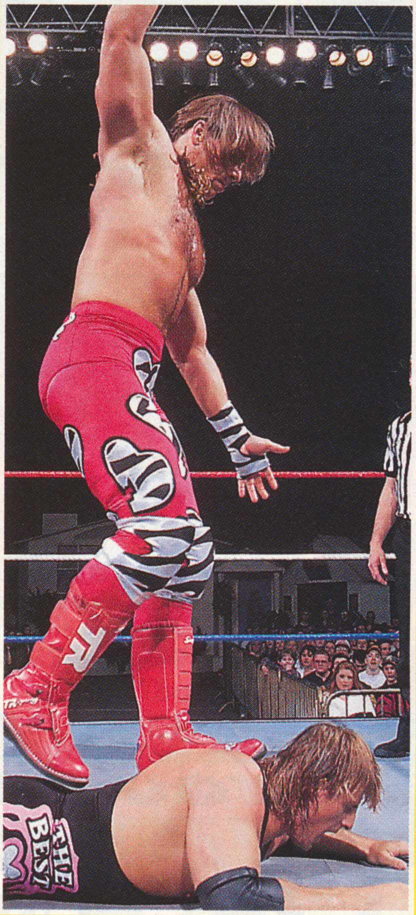
By Keith Elliot Greenberg

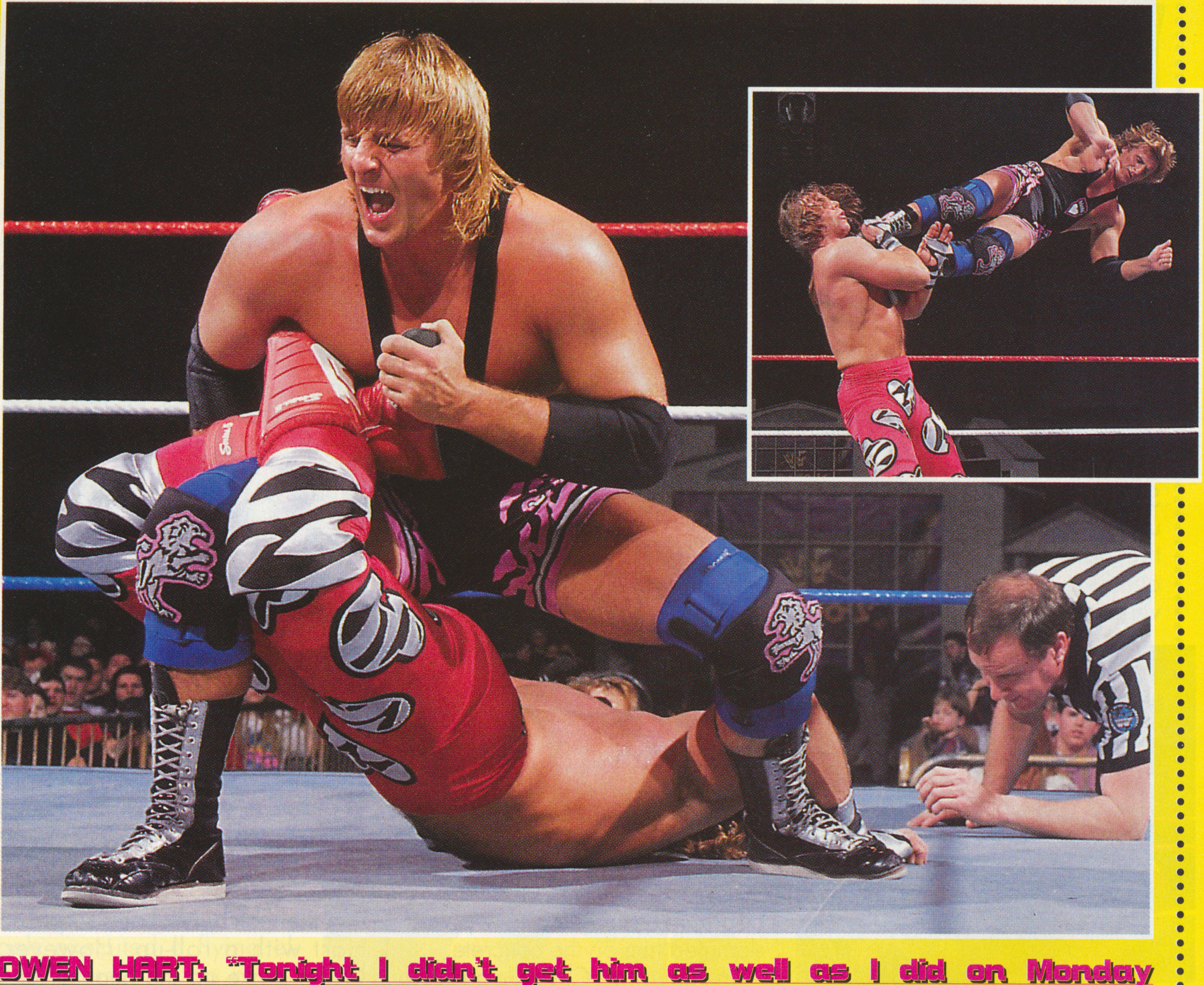
SHAWN MICHAELS VS. OWEN HART: Both men had everything riding on the outcome of this match—the winner would be guaranteed a World Wrestling Federation Title shot at *WrestleMania XII*. However, the contest was aggravated by the bragging of Owen Hart, who took responsibility for battering the Heartbreak Kid before he collapsed in the ring several months earlier.

In January, Shawn had won the *Royal Rumble*. The winner was automatically guaranteed to receive a crack at the Federation Champion at *WrestleMania XII*, but Owen's comments had so infuriated Michaels that he offered to put up the No. 1 contender's spot in this confrontation.

Shawn seemed confident before the battle started, dancing on the roof of the *In Your House* set overlooking the sell-out crowd as his entrance music played, then swinging on a rope to the arena floor. Hart was stunned by the display and quickly overwhelmed by his foe, who charged the ring, swinging fists.

Owen returned, shoving the Heartbreak Kid and warning him to tone down his flamboyance. With his fans—known as "The Kliq"—cheering him on, Michaels ignored the caution. The two ran the





OWEN HART: "Tonight I didn't get him as well as I did on Monday Night Raw when I knocked him silly, but regardless, Shawn Michaels is still a great competitor. In my calculation, the score is now 1-1. Just tell me when the rubber match is - and I'll be there! If Shawn is a 'real' man, he will grant me that opportunity!"

ropes, with Hart sliding under Shawn's feet to ringside. As Owen turned to the fans, Michaels climbed the buckles and executed a reverse bodypress to his opponent on the arena floor.

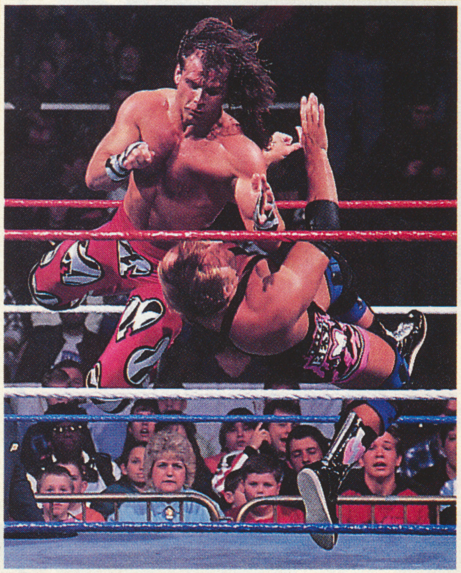
Shawn's showboating intensified. When Owen gripped him in a side headlock, Michaels backrolled out of the hold, tripped Hart from the rear and coolly walked across his back. The duo ran the ropes, and Owen hiptossed his adversary to the mat. When Hart moved closer to his fallen foe, he received two boots in the face. Owen fell to the canvas, taking a spot next to Shawn, then both men bounced up simultaneously. Owen took a swing at Michaels and missed. Shawn ran

RESULTS

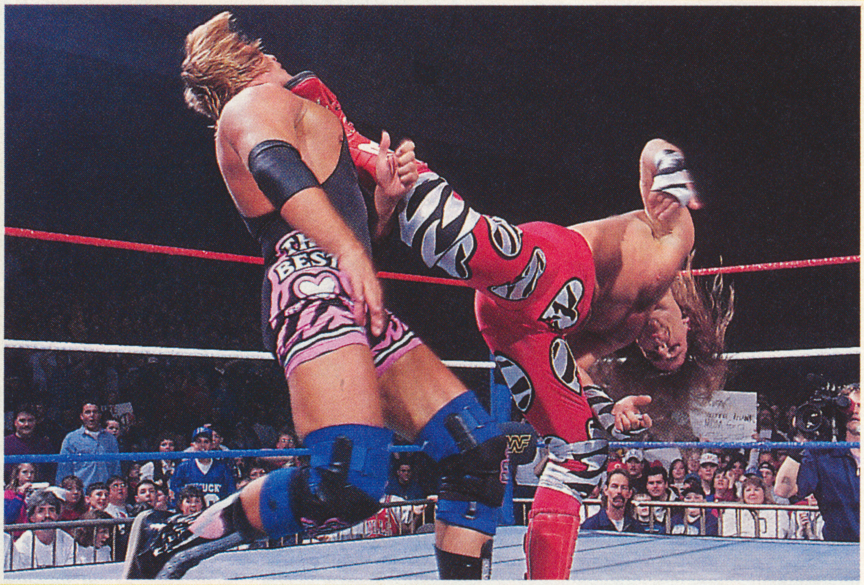
IN YOUR HO

the ropes again, leapt into the air, hooked his legs around Owen's shoulders and spun him quickly down to the mat.

Owen was fed up. As Michaels came at him another time, Hart pulled out a belly-to-belly suplex, parted his adversary's legs and stomped his lower abdomen. Shawn groaned, and Owen kept up the torture, lifting his rival off the canvas and crashing him across a bent knee. After a reverse neckbreaker, Owen attempted a Sharpshooter. The Heartbreak Kid kicked out. Hart dipped into his stockpile of holds and applied a camel clutch. Michaels powered free but soon fell victim to a spinning heel kick that sent him sailing from the ring.



Shawn scrambled up onto the apron. Owen met him by the ropes and tried to suplex Michaels back into the ring. The Heartbreak Kid resisted, then reversed the move, sending Hart tumbling backward to the arena floor, but when Michaels dived at him from the ring apron, Owen caught his opponent in mid-air and powerslammed him on the concrete.



SHAWN MICHAELS: "The dream couldn't officially begin until I put the nightmare behind me! Now, will somebody PLEASE point me the way to the party!"

In the ring, Owen gained a near-fall after dropkicking his foe from the top rope. However, Shawn stunned his rival by hooking his feet under Owen's shoulders from behind, rolling onto the mat and nearly trapping Hart in a pinning combination. Hart replied forcefully, reversing a whip into the corner and leveling the Heartbreak Kid with a running clothesline. Now, hoping to procure his title shot, Owen clamped on a Boston crab. Shawn then grasped for the ropes, was pulled to the center of the ring, tried again and managed to grab onto the bottom strand.

Hoping to rally back into the match, Michaels surprised Hart with a roll-up. However, Owen broke up the near-fall and stunned Shawn with a deadly crescent kick to the back of the head—the same blow that pre-

USE RESULTS

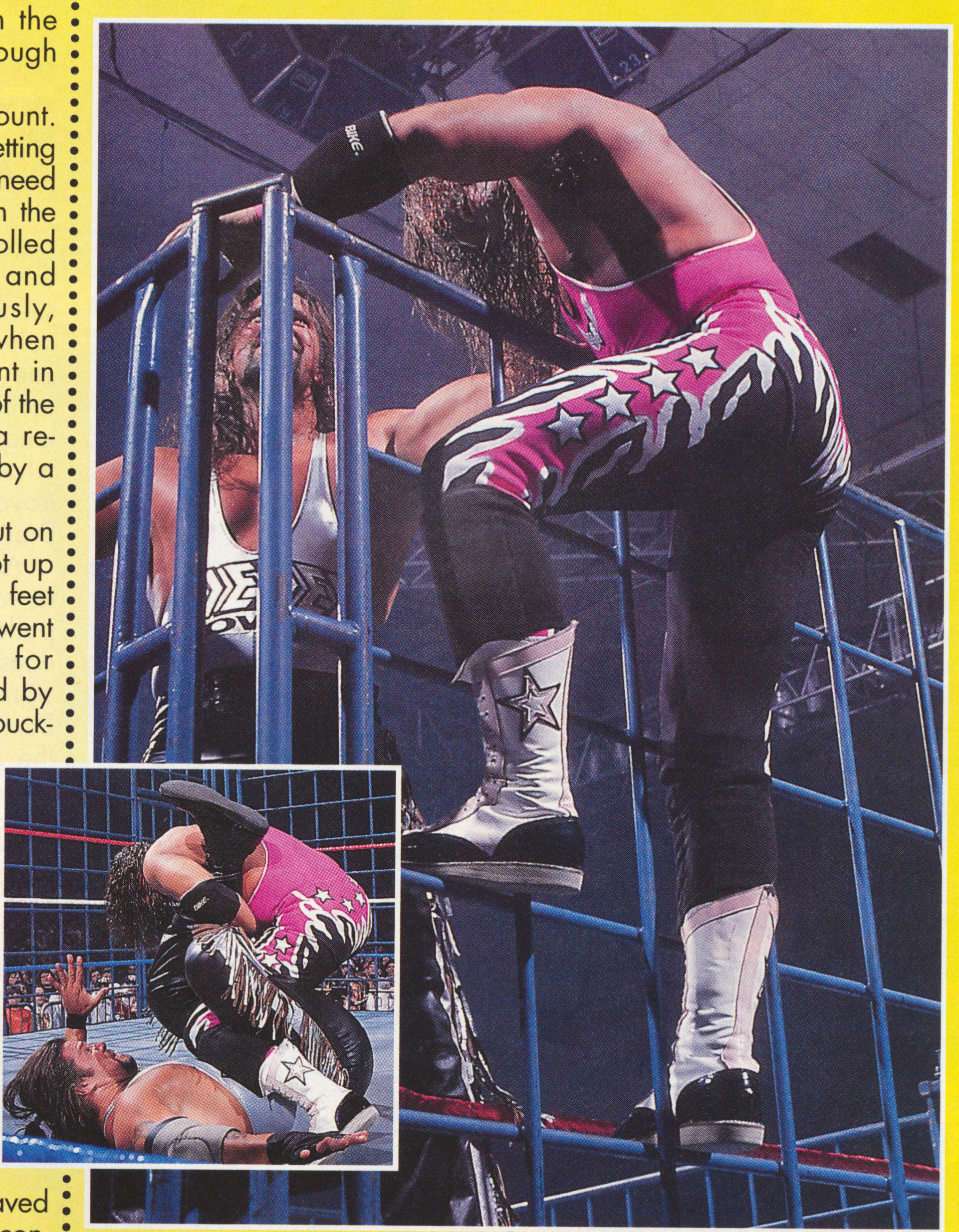
ceded his prior collapse in the ring. Michaels crashed through the ropes, seemingly finished.

The referee started his count. Shawn showed no sign of getting to his feet, but Owen felt the need to pin his adversary between the ropes. Hart left the ring, rolled Michaels onto the canvas and covered him. Miraculously, Shawn kicked out. Then, when Owen charged his opponent in the corner, Michaels slid out of the way, surprising Hart with a reverse atomic drop, followed by a flying forearm.

Both men were splayed out on the mat, exhausted. Hart got up first. Michaels sprang to his feet immediately afterward. They went nose to nose and punch for punch. Shawn took the lead by whipping Owen into the turnbuckles and hitting him with an elbow as he bounced off.

After a bodyslam, Michaels executed a flying elbow from the top rope, prompting Owen's manager, Jim Cornette, to leap onto the canvas. Michaels met him with a punch, then turned back to Hart. Owen rose to his feet, and Shawn went for a side kick. Hart ducked and tried his notorious crescent kick. Remarkably, the Heartbreak Kid weaved out of harm's way. As Hart contemplated his next move, Shawn's side kick finally hit its target, and Owen dropped to the canvas, where he was wrapped up for the three-count.

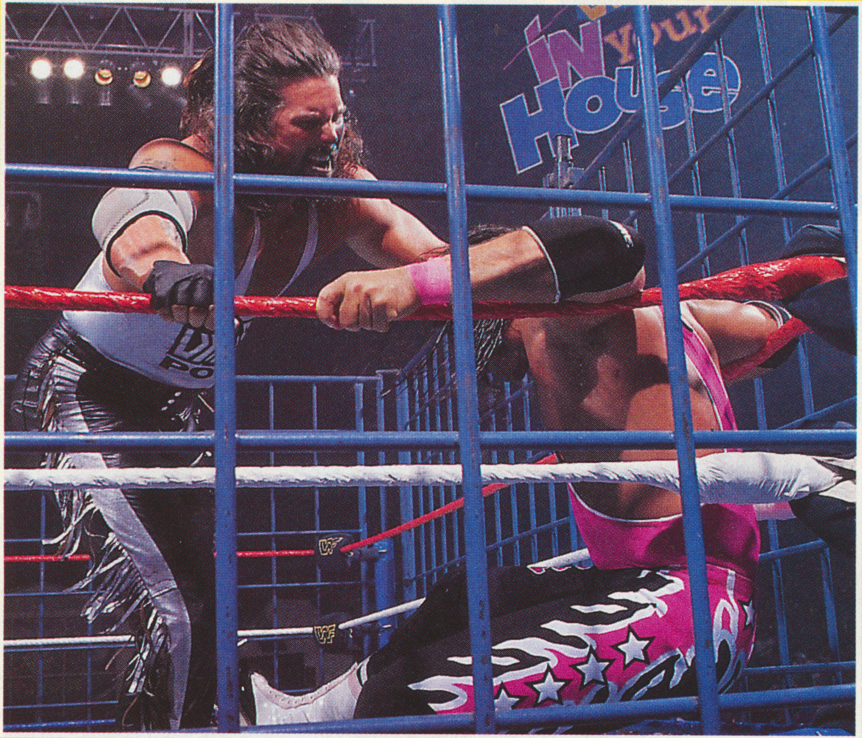
Shawn Michaels was coasting to the main event at *WrestleMania XII*, after silencing both Owen Hart's in-the-ring arsenal and private boasts.



CAGE MATCH

BRET "HIT MAN" HART (WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION CHAMPION) VS. DIESEL: This battle—in which the winner was required to either climb over the bars of the steel cage or walk out the door of the enclosure—was supposed to settle months of bad feelings between Hart and the man he beat for the World Wrestling Federation Championship, Diesel. However, when the night ended, combatants and fans were in a state of disbelief.

The match was packed with no-holds-barred pandemonium. Diesel relied heavily on his superior might, while Bret's strategy was attacking his opponent's long-



troublesome knees. On several occasions, the Hit Man scrambled up the steel cage before Big Daddy Cool followed, snatching the champion by the hair and pulling him back into the ring. Other times, Diesel tried crawling out the door, only to be stopped by the Hit Man tugging on his leg.

At the end of this contest, the challenger appeared headed for victory. The door was open, and his body was partially out. Twice, Bret tried yanking him back toward the middle of the ring—and twice, Diesel kicked him away.

DIESEL: "This isn't about my getting my title back anymore; this is about redemption. My sights are set on the Undertaker, and he's going to pay the price."

BRET "HIT MAN" HART: "This whole thing is a mess, and I certainly haven't come out of it smelling like a rose! The only way that I'm ever going to get anything at all accomplished with Diesel and the Undertaker is to let them fight it out first!"

Before Bret could make it out the entranceway, his body seemed to freeze. From a smoky hole in the canvas, a hand was seen, holding him back. Fans soon realized that the hand belonged to the Undertaker—a man whose title challenge to Bret at the *Royal Rumble* was interrupted by Diesel's interference.

As Bret climbed out of the cage to win the match, the Undertaker pulled Diesel into the hole. Because of the disruption, Diesel has signed to meet the Man from the Dark Side at *WrestleMania XII*—the same night Bret defends his belt against Shawn Michaels.

For a deeper look at this match, see the premiere issue of *World Wrestling Federation Raw Magazine* on sale April 16.

THE UNDERTAKER

WWF 1996

Monday Night Raw
In Action

WWF 1996

UNDERTAKER LEFT FOR DEAD!

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

November 19, 1995
In Action

WWF 1996

REBIRTH AT SURVIVOR SERIES

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

In Your House—December 1995
In Action

WWF 1996

IN YOUR CASKET!!!

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

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1996

37 Monday Night Raw

UNDERTAKER™ LEFT FOR DEAD!

In an unforgettable episode of Monday Night Raw, the Undertaker was all but left for dead after a six-man tag team match. The Undertaker, Shawn Michaels and Diesel took on British Bulldog, King Mabel and Yokozuna. With the rule book out the window, it was going to take more than a victory to please either side. One of the casualties was the Undertaker, who suffered an orbital socket injury.

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1996

38 November 19, 1995

REBIRTH AT SURVIVOR SERIES®

After time off to recover, the Undertaker returned at Survivor Series '95. With a mask to shield his face from further injury, he eliminated Jerry Lawler, Isaac Yankem D.D.S. and Hunter Hearst-Helmsley. Only King Mabel stood in the opposition's corner. But this was not his final revenge. Mabel headed toward the locker room and was disqualified before the Reaper could get his gloves on him.

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1996

39 In Your House–December 1995

IN YOUR CASKET!!!

It was only a matter of time before King Mabel would answer to the fatal toll of the Reaper. In this eagerly anticipated showdown at December's In Your House, the Undertaker put on a deadly showing in sealing Mabel in a casket once and for all! When it was over, the Grim Reaper had convincingly hammered the final nail in the coffin as Mabel and his stooge Sir Mo were finally laid to rest!

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THE UNDERTAKER

1 9 9 6

Perhaps the "Deadliest Duo" in the history of sports-entertainment, Paul Bearer and his Undertaker continue to "make the grave" in the valley of the Federation!

HEIGHT:

6' 10"

WEIGHT:

328 pounds

FROM:

Death Valley, USA

TITLES HELD:

World Wrestling Federation Championship

MOTTO:

"Rest in Peace"

FINISHING MOVE:

Tombstone

NICKNAME:

Dead Man, Grim Reaper

PPV DEBUT:

November 22, 1990, at the Survivor Series. Teamed with Ted DiBiase, the Honky Tonk Man and Greg Valentine to take on Bret Hart, Jim Neidhart, Koko B. Ware and Dusty Rhodes.

MANAGED BY:

Paul Bearer

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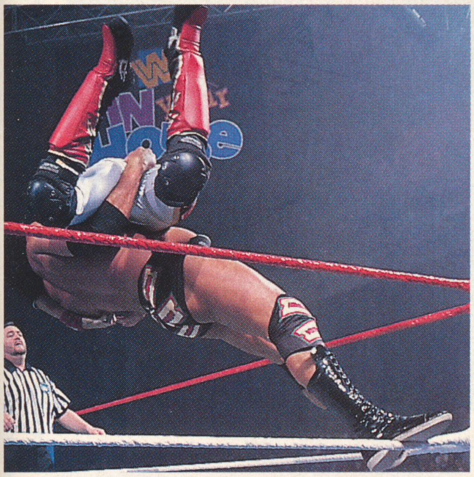


CRYBABY MATCH

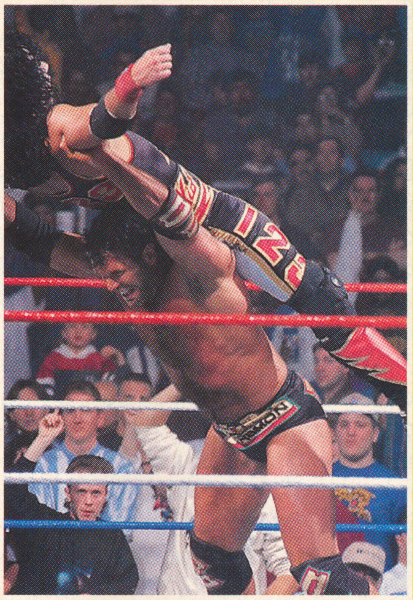
RAZOR RAMON VS. THE 1-2-3 KID: The opening contest in this spectacular at Kentucky's Louisville Gardens was a first for the World Wrestling Federation: a "crybaby match," in which the loser would have to be diapered and drink from a baby's bottle.

The Kid started the match in a mean-spirited manner, tossing a teddy bear in Razor's face. As the match went on, he tried putting out his enemy with a number of sleeperhold attempts. But Razor used his superior strength to punch out the Kid, hold him horizontally, climb the ropes and flip him backward.

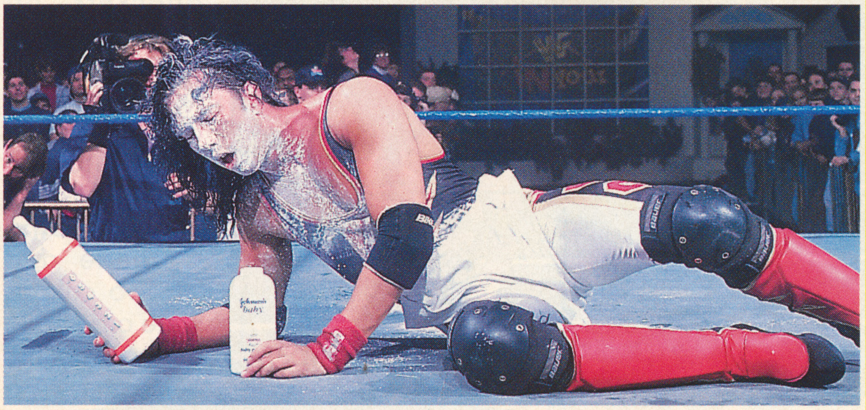
In desperation, the Kid's manager Million Dollar Man Ted DiBiase climbed onto the apron, hoping to distract Razor while the Kid tried blinding him with a handful of powder. Ramon caught on to the plot, kicked the substance in his opponent's face and punished him with a Razor's Edge. He could have covered the Kid for the count but opted to deliver a second Razor's Edge to teach the youngster a lesson.

An unconscious Kid was defeated, then forced to endure the humiliation of having a baby's bottle stuck in his mouth. DiBiase tried interfering and got a faceful of powder. Then Razor continued his task, wrapping a diaper on 1-2-3's bottom and dumping the rest of the powder on his face. When he finally came to, the Kid lived up to his name, smashing a stroller against the side of the ring and crying like a baby.

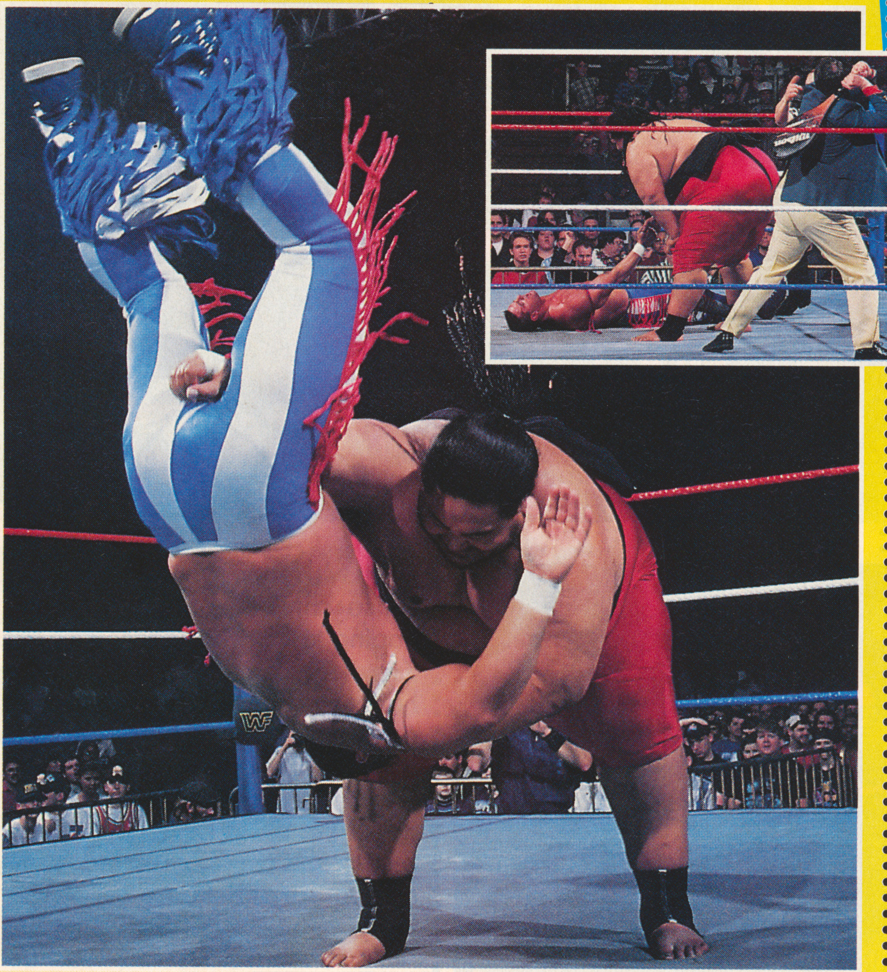
RAZOR RAMON: "I went into this war seriously, just looking to beat the Kid up. Tonight you saw vintage Razor Ramon!"



1-2-3 KID: "The match was a stupid concept to begin with! Everybody already knew that Razor Ramon is a crybaby! I had the match won until he threw that baby powder in my face! Relying on dirty tactics was the only way that he could win that match!"



IN YOUR HOUSE RESULTS



YOKOZUNA VS. THE BRITISH BULLDOG: This was a coming-out party for Yokozuna, who'd recently rebelled against his old manager, Jim Cornette. Cornette sent in another protegé, the Bulldog, to serve as enforcer, but Yokozuna—savoring his new freedom from Cornette's clutches—was on fire.

After the two traded power moves, Bulldog tried a series of clotheslines but couldn't knock Yokozuna off his feet. When the Britisher bounced off the ropes with another attempt, Yokozuna ducked down, draped the Bulldog over his shoulders, punished him with a crucifix and followed up with a devastating suplex.

Yokozuna's surge continued until Cornette jumped into the ring and slammed the Asian behemoth with a tennis racquet. The referee called for the bell, disqualifying Bulldog, as Yokozuna advanced on the manager. Before Cornette could suffer any serious injury, another protegé, Vader, stormed the squared circle. Both he and Bulldog handcuffed Yokozuna to the ropes and pummeled him. As the former sumo star fought his attackers off with one arm, World Wrestling Federation officials scrambled into the ring.

Eventually, Cornette and his two cohorts were ordered to go back to the dressing room—but not before they each took turns blasting Yokozuna with the tennis racquet.

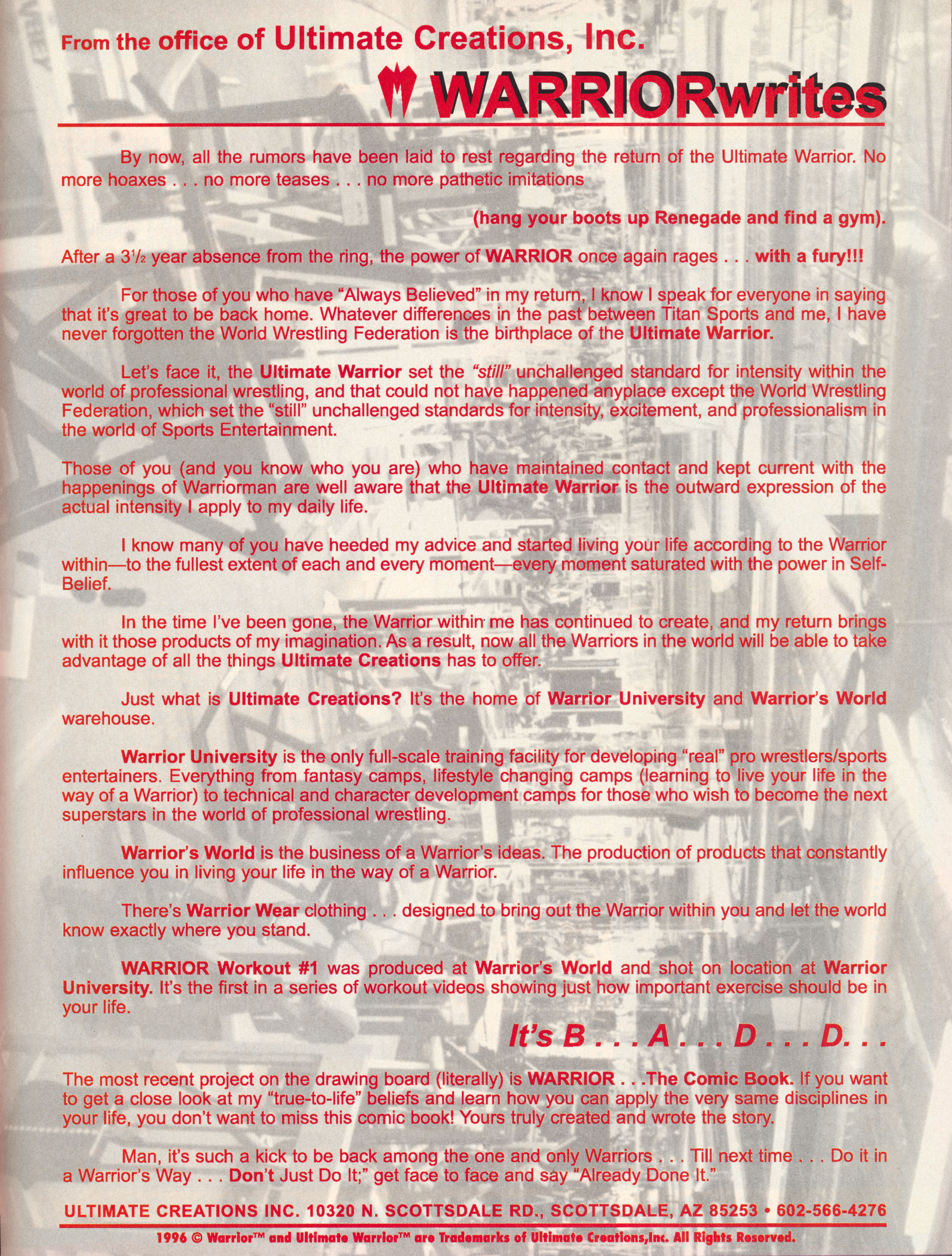
BULLDOG: "Chains or no chains, I beat Yokozuna like the animal that he is!"

YOKOZUNA: "Like an animal they chained me up! Bulldog, Vader, Cornette, you want to treat me like an animal? Then you'd better prepare yourselves to deal with one! BANZAI!!!"

Nevertheless, the beating seemed to be worthwhile to Yokozuna later on in the evening when World Wrestling Federation President Roddy Piper granted Yokozuna's wish to engage in a one-on-one clash with Vader at *WrestleMania XII*.

From the office of Ultimate Creations, Inc.

WARRIORwrites



By now, all the rumors have been laid to rest regarding the return of the Ultimate Warrior. No more hoaxes . . . no more teases . . . no more pathetic imitations

(hang your boots up Renegade and find a gym).

After a 3½ year absence from the ring, the power of **WARRIOR** once again rages . . . **with a fury!!!**

For those of you who have "Always Believed" in my return, I know I speak for everyone in saying that it's great to be back home. Whatever differences in the past between Titan Sports and me, I have never forgotten the World Wrestling Federation is the birthplace of the **Ultimate Warrior.**

Let's face it, the **Ultimate Warrior** set the *"still"* unchallenged standard for intensity within the world of professional wrestling, and that could not have happened anyplace except the World Wrestling Federation, which set the "still" unchallenged standards for intensity, excitement, and professionalism in the world of Sports Entertainment.

Those of you (and you know who you are) who have maintained contact and kept current with the happenings of Warriorman are well aware that the **Ultimate Warrior** is the outward expression of the actual intensity I apply to my daily life.

I know many of you have heeded my advice and started living your life according to the Warrior within—to the fullest extent of each and every moment—every moment saturated with the power in Self-Belief.

In the time I've been gone, the Warrior within me has continued to create, and my return brings with it those products of my imagination. As a result, now all the Warriors in the world will be able to take advantage of all the things **Ultimate Creations** has to offer.

Just what is **Ultimate Creations?** It's the home of **Warrior University** and **Warrior's World** warehouse.

Warrior University is the only full-scale training facility for developing "real" pro wrestlers/sports entertainers. Everything from fantasy camps, lifestyle changing camps (learning to live your life in the way of a Warrior) to technical and character development camps for those who wish to become the next superstars in the world of professional wrestling.

Warrior's World is the business of a Warrior's ideas. The production of products that constantly influence you in living your life in the way of a Warrior.

There's **Warrior Wear** clothing . . . designed to bring out the Warrior within you and let the world know exactly where you stand.

WARRIOR Workout #1 was produced at **Warrior's World** and shot on location at **Warrior University.** It's the first in a series of workout videos showing just how important exercise should be in your life.

It's B . . . A . . . D . . . D . . .

The most recent project on the drawing board (literally) is **WARRIOR . . .The Comic Book.** If you want to get a close look at my "true-to-life" beliefs and learn how you can apply the very same disciplines in your life, you don't want to miss this comic book! Yours truly created and wrote the story.

Man, it's such a kick to be back among the one and only Warriors . . . Till next time . . . Do it in a Warrior's Way . . . **Don't** Just Do It;" get face to face and say "Already Done It."

ULTIMATE CREATIONS INC. 10320 N. SCOTTSDALE RD., SCOTTSDALE, AZ 85253 • 602-566-4276

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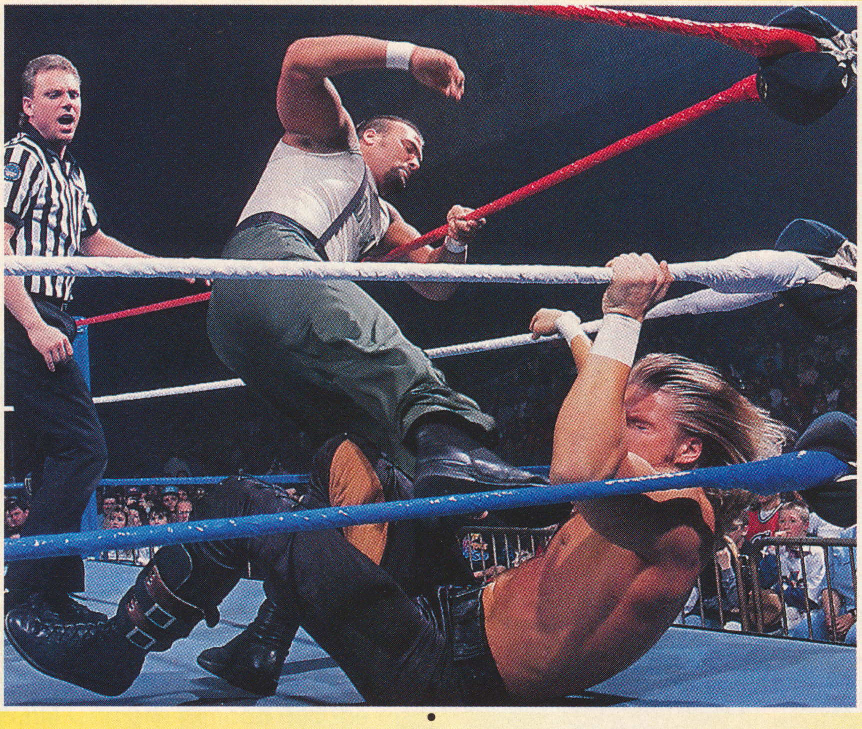
IN YOUR HOUSE RESULTS



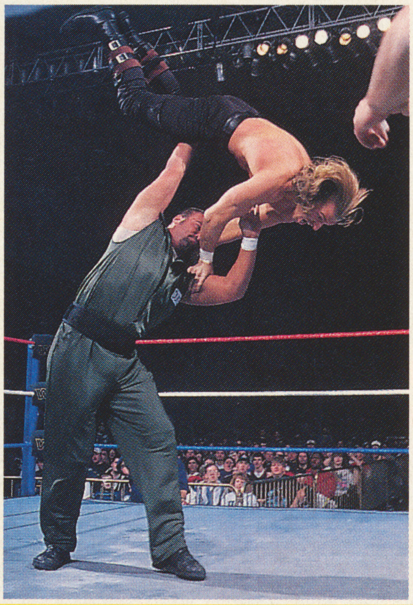
HUNTER HEARST-HELMSLEY: "Bottom line - Duke Droese got humiliated one more time. I proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he doesn't belong in the same ring as Triple H."

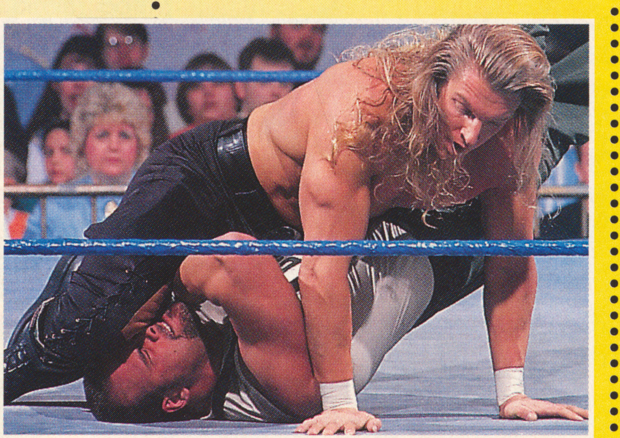
DUKE "THE DUMPSTER" DROESE VS. HUNTER HEARST-HELMSLEY: Duke Droese entered the squared circle smarting for revenge against Hunter Hearst-Helmsley. Several weeks earlier, Helmsley had attacked him, bashing the World Wrestling Federation's resident trash collector with his own garbage can and then trimming his untidy locks.

Helmsley came to the ring with a gorgeous blonde, but she quickly bailed out when Duke stormed the ring, punching. The "American Blueblood" came back to life outside the ring, viciously whipping Droese into the steel steps.

In the ring, after both men hit the deck as a result of simultaneous clotheslines, Duke then drove Helmsley to the mat with a spikeslam, followed by a high backbodydrop, a devastating clothesline and a powerslam.

"Now it's time to take out the trash!" Droese shouted, delivering his dreaded Trash Compactor, but instead of covering his foe, the raging Dumpster left the ring and dragged in his garbage can. While the referee was distracted, Helmsley managed to grab the lid, smash his adversary over the head with it, cover him and eke out a victory. WF





DUKE "THE DUMPSTER" DROESE: "Hunter Hearst-Helmsley, fool me once, shame on you - fool me twice, shame on me. This will never happen again! No matter what it takes, I promise that I will get my can on you!"

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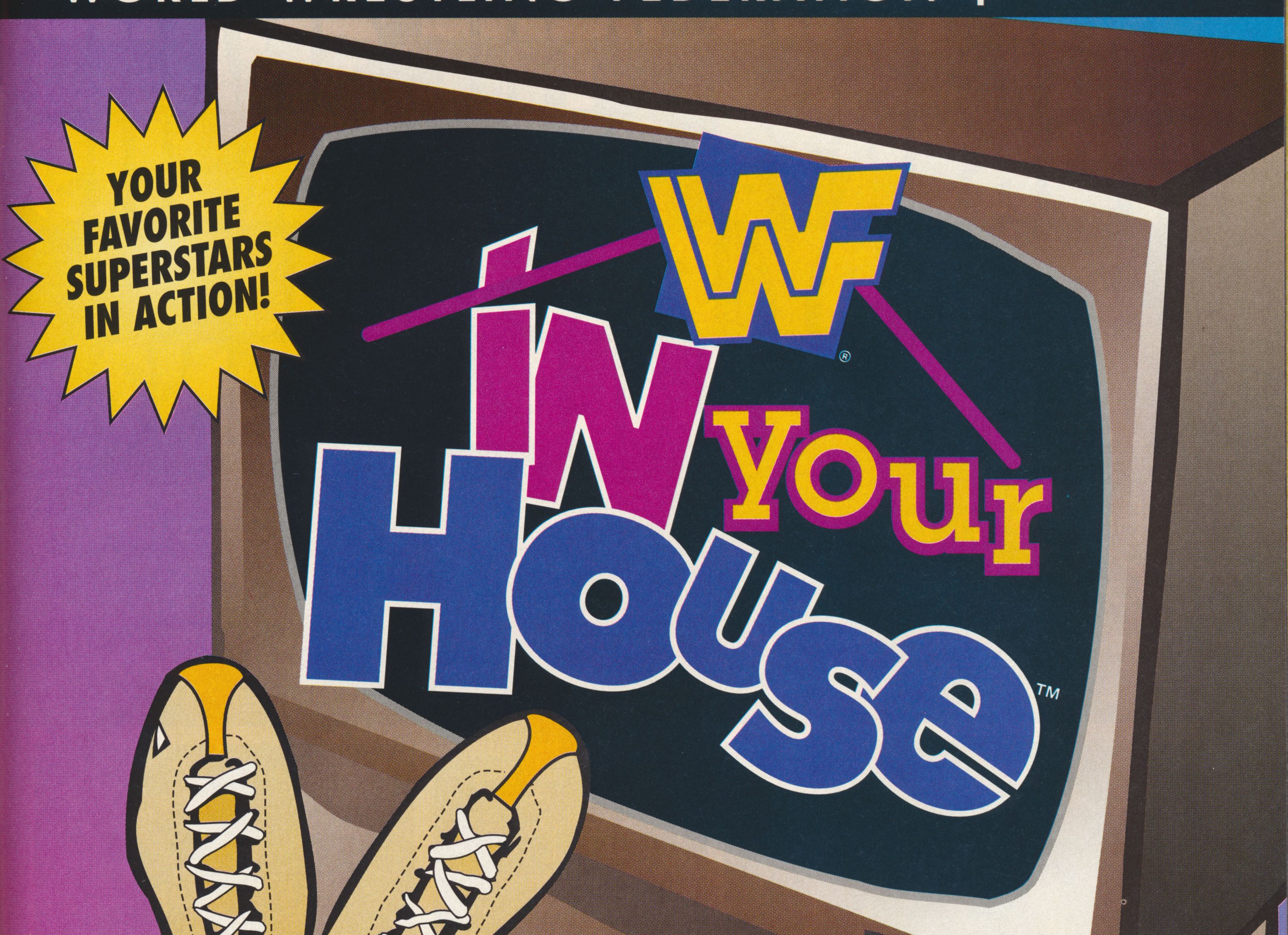
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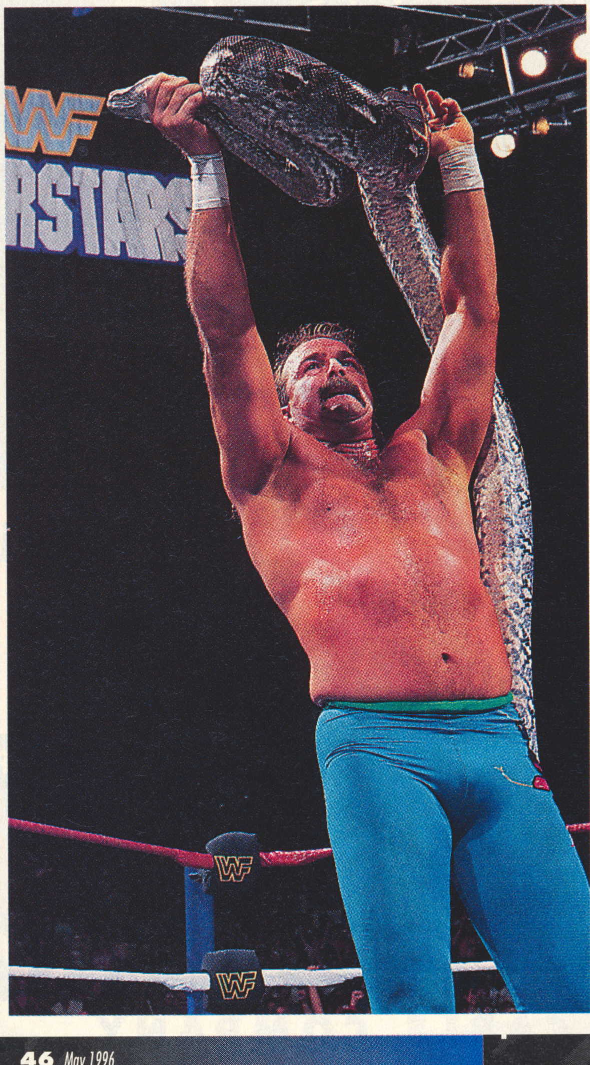
CAN JAKE "THE SNAKE" ROBERTS SLITHER HIS WAY PAST THE NEW GENERATION?

By Keith Elliot Greenberg

Ten years are a long time in any man's life. To Jake "The Snake" Roberts, it's an eternity.

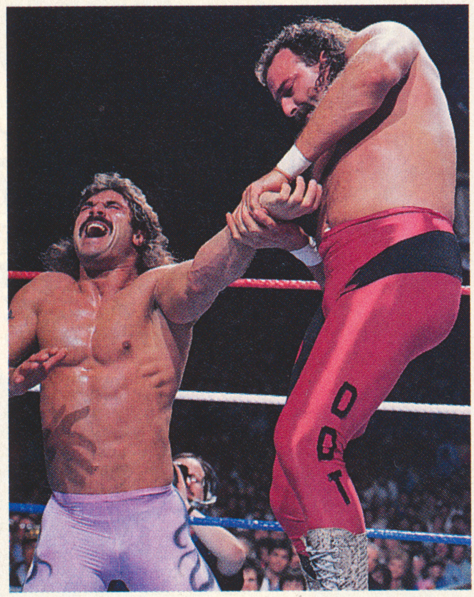


It was exactly one decade ago that he first crept into the World Wrestling Federation, taking out opponents with his DDT, then unleashing his pet snake Damian on the unconscious victim. Jake "The Snake" Roberts was a force back then. He'd reach into himself and call upon the cold, dark spirits only he understood. Then he would let those spirits take control, turning the World Wrestling Federation into a fiery abyss in which he reigned as emperor.

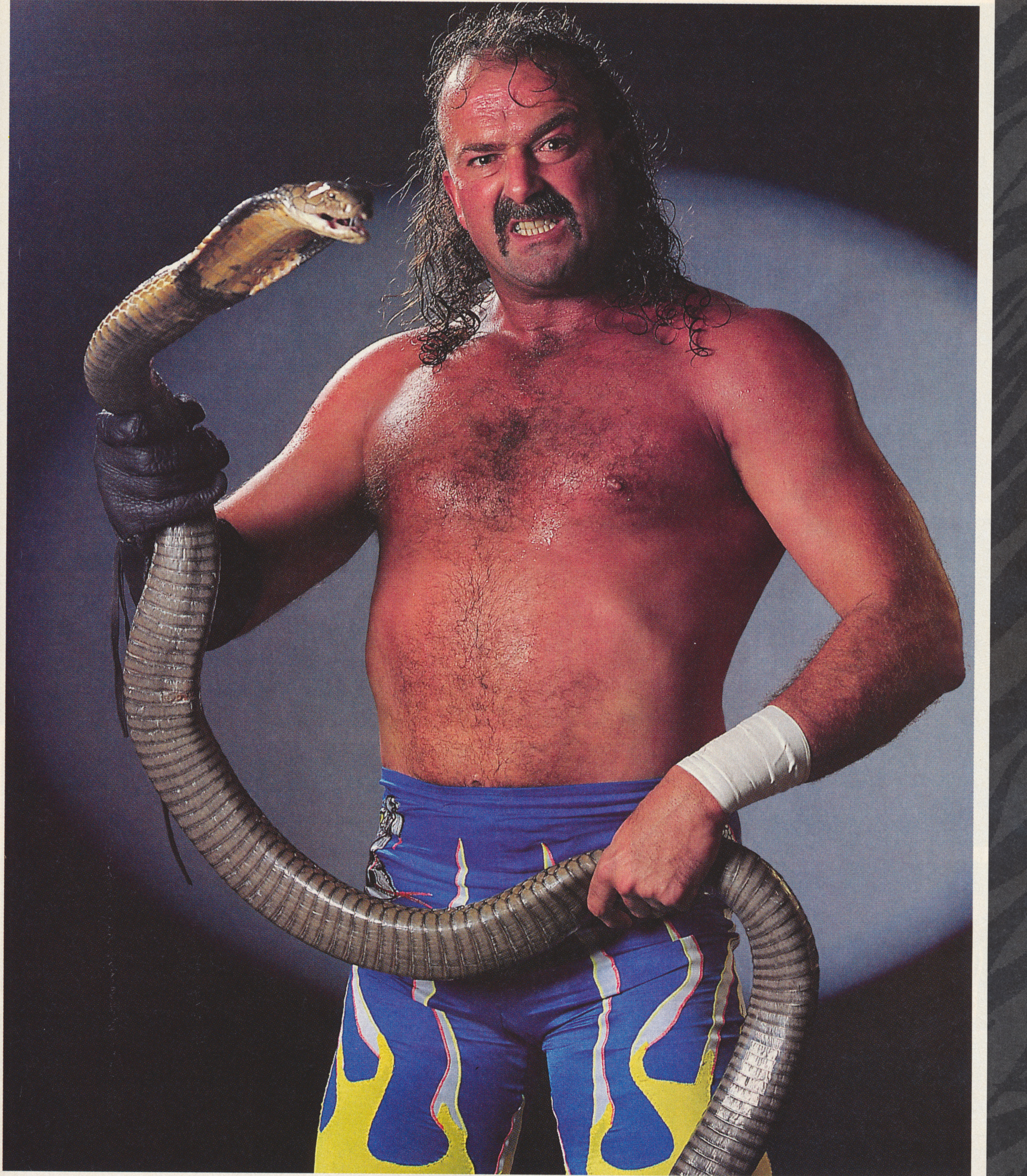
Sometimes the fans all loved Jake "The Snake" Roberts. Often, they hated him, but he always had their attention as he battled Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat, the Honky Tonk Man, Ravishing Rick Rude, Andre the Giant, Million Dollar Man Ted DiBiase, the Model Rick Martel and the Ultimate Warrior.

Stroking his python, with one eyebrow raised, Jake would look into the television camera and talk about the evil always boiling under the surface, an evil that could be stoked, manipulated and released when he saw fit, launching him to greatness.

However, he lost control of that evil at some point. Suddenly, unexpectedly, it ate him up from the inside, and Roberts, the sinister puppeteer, disappeared from the stage, leaving a void in the place where he'd dominated for so long.

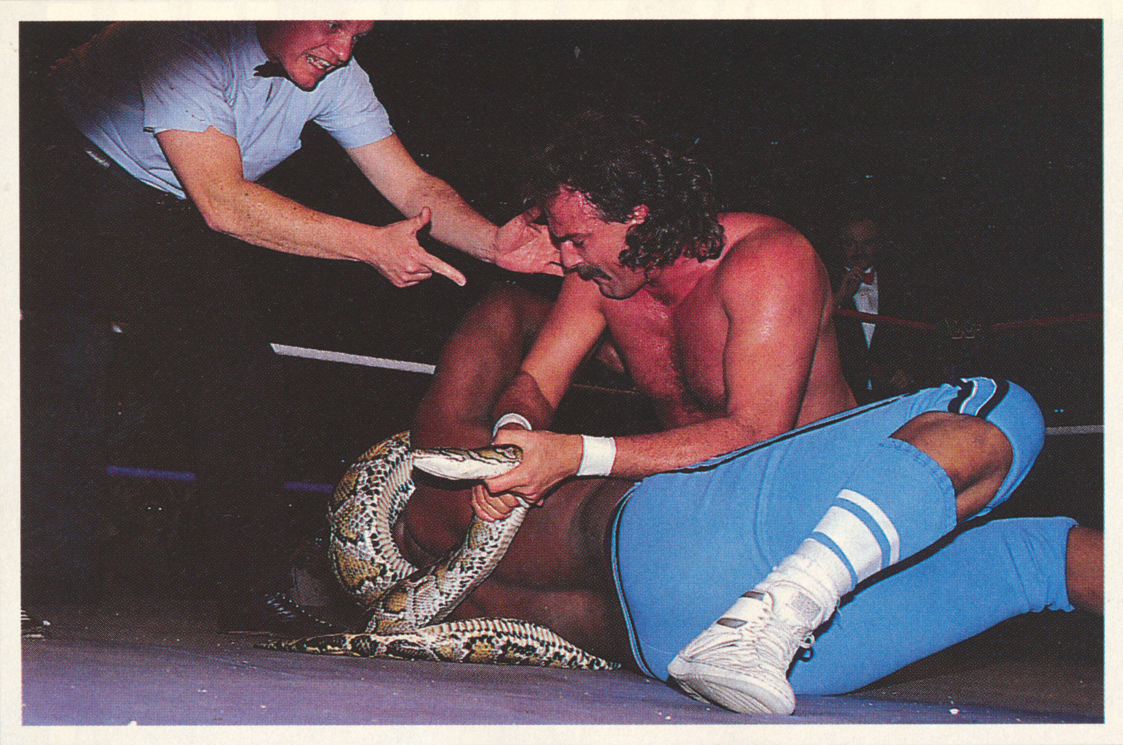


Now it's 1996—ten years after Jake first caught the attention of the world with his stunning victory over George Wells at *WrestleMania 2*. The landscape has changed in the World Wrestling Federation. Big John Studd, Andre the Giant and Adorable Adrian



Adonis, all stars of a decade ago, have died. Men like Razor Ramon and Shawn Michaels have stepped in where Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat and Tito Santana ruled. On the tag team circuit, the Smoking Gunns have supplanted Greg "The Hammer" Valentine and Brutus Beefcake, and Owen Hart and Yokozuna now glisten where the Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkoff have today faded.

These days Jake "The

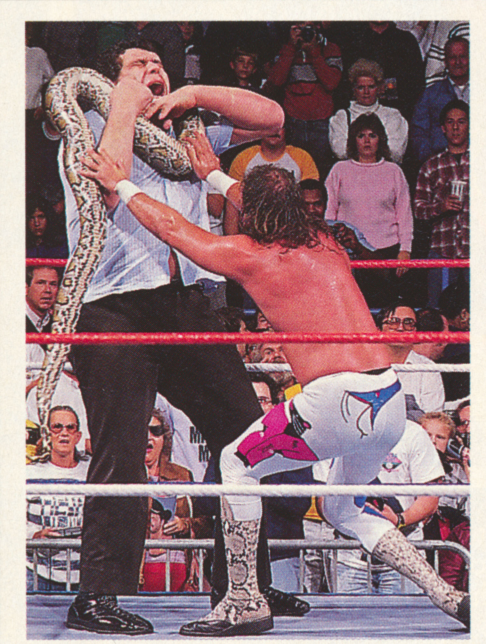


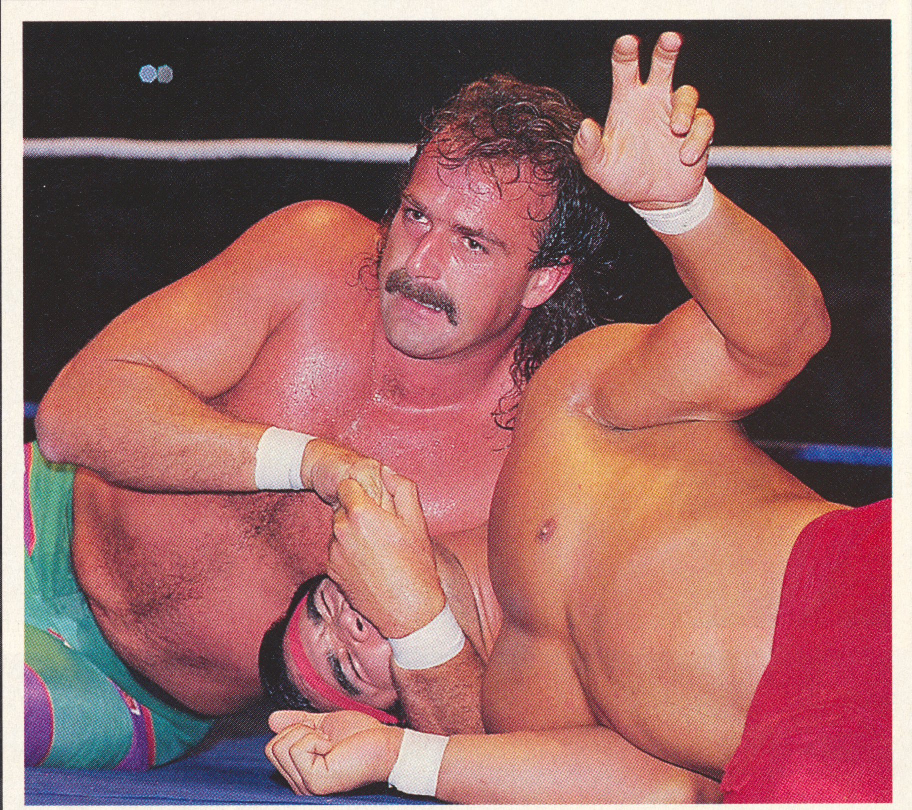
Snake" Roberts finds himself exactly where he was 10 years ago, starting again in the World Wrestling Federation. Once before, he rocketed to fame, but in the era of the New Generation, can he do it again?

Regardless of his age, regardless of his time away from the mat, Jake still possesses what he always did: a very nasty edge. It's the side of him that came out every time he untied the sack he carried to ringside, removed his slimy pet snake and tossed it on top of an opponent.

This was the part of Jake Roberts that motivated him to lay out Ricky "The Dragon" inside the ring. As Steamboat's wife, Bonnie, looked on his horror, a gleeful Roberts hurled Damian onto the popular Hawaiian, thrusting the head of the animal into the wrestler's mouth. Steamboat, a family man, never forgave Jake for embarrassing him in front of Bonnie and wasn't able to concentrate properly in their subsequent meetings.

When Jake was pitted against Andre the Giant, the experts initially favored the "Eighth Wonder of the World." That was until Roberts discovered that his rival had a terrible, hidden fear: snakes. Suddenly, Andre's size and years of experience were irrelevant. Jake had used his diabolical instincts to find a





weakness in the man-monster and exploited it to the optimum advantage.

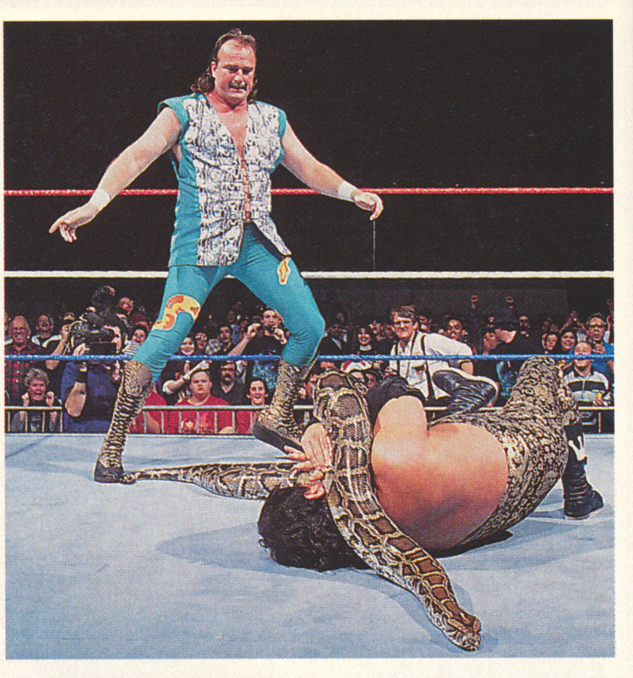
Former World Wrestling Federation Champion the Ultimate Warrior was at the peak of his fame when Roberts brought him down to earth by pretending to be his friend. Jake had offered to help the Warrior overcome anxiety—a malady common even in the mightiest of wrestlers—then placed him in a number of humiliating situations, reassuring the hesitant superstar with the phrase "Trust me." By the time the Warrior realized Roberts' intentions, Jake had the psychological advantage in the feud, a position he wouldn't relinquish.

One of the most notorious episodes of Roberts' legacy occurred shortly after the wedding of Macho Man Randy Savage and his manager, Elizabeth. As the happy couple was opening presents, they were shocked to discover a dangerous cobra—sent over by none other than the man sometimes called "the devil himself." Numerous battles followed—including one where Savage was actually bitten by the snake. As before, Roberts maintained the lead not because he was rougher, stronger or more athletic than his adversary but because he knew how to throw a man off guard and never allow him to get up.

Of course, there were times when others seemed to get the best of Roberts, but even then, Jake was able to funnel his rage appropriately, reflecting negativity back at his opponent.

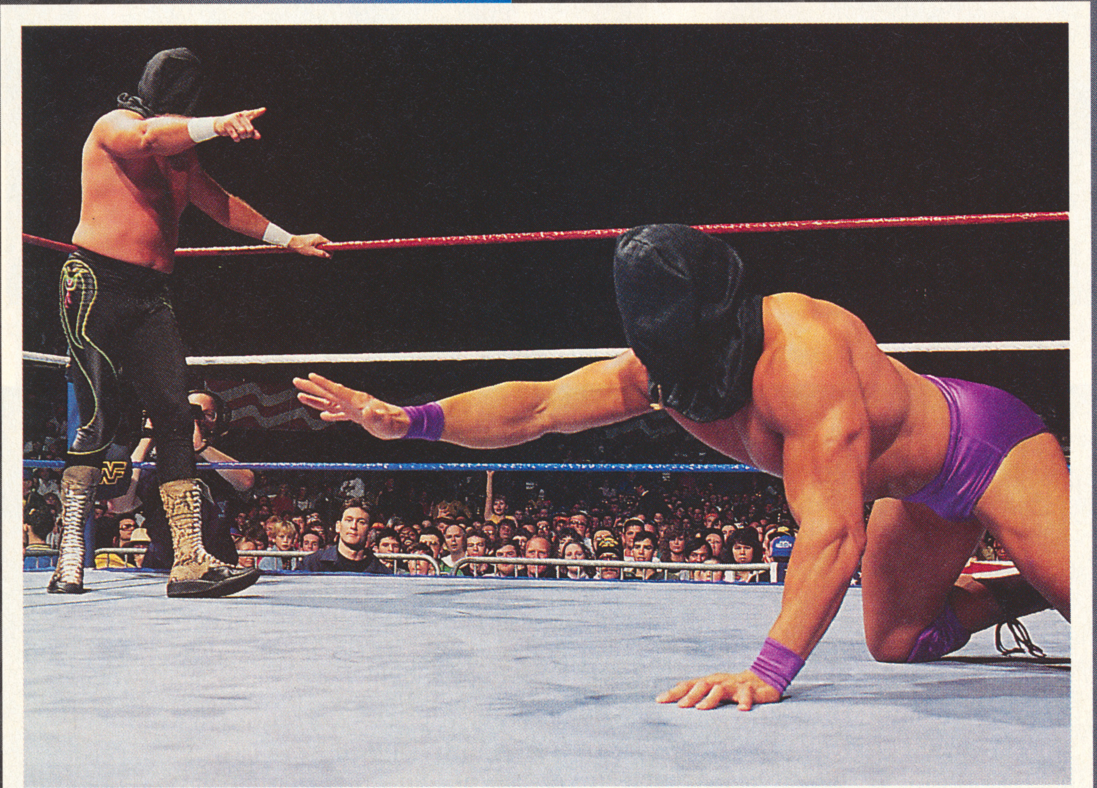
When the Honky Tonk Man blasted Roberts with a guitar on *The Snake Pit*—the interview segment he hosted on World Wrestling Federation television programs—Jake brought in an unexpected ally, rock legend Alice Cooper, who menaced both the Honky Tonk Man and his manager Jimmy Hart with Damian at *WrestleMania III*.

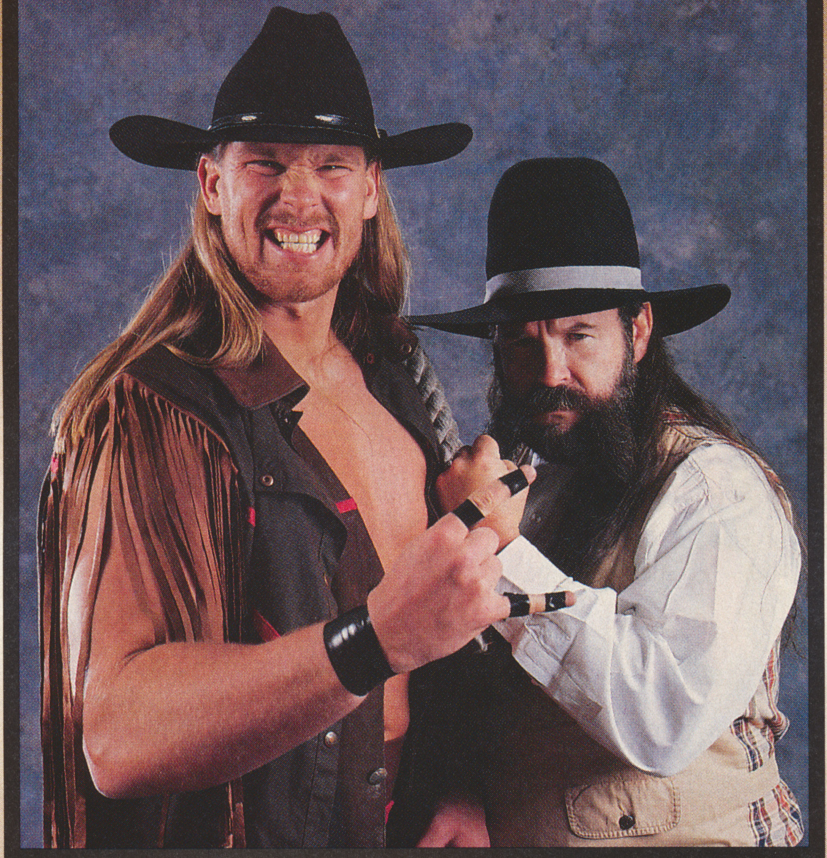
Ravishing Rick Rude infuriated Roberts by striking up a conversation with Jake's wife, Cheryl, at ringside one day. Cheryl was uninterested in the lothario's advances, so Rude forced himself on the lady, grabbing her wrists and threatening her with injury. This sparked a series of clashes that saw Jake savor vengeance in its sweetest form. During one match, he called Cheryl to the ring to slap Rude, then knocked him out with the DDT and pulled down his tights—to the loud squeals of the crowd that was watching.



Even when Jake was temporarily robbed of the gift of sight, he found a way to thrive. Fans still talk about how the Model Rick Martel blinded the Snake by tossing cologne in his eyes. Rather than sitting out his injury, Jake challenged his tormentor to a special "blind man's bluff" match at *WrestleMania VII* during which the two athletes would have hoods covering their eyes. More comfortable with limited vision than his foe, Roberts first punished Martel with a variety of maneuvers before dousing his lights with the DDT.

A lot of changes have taken place since Roberts left the World Wrestling Federation. Shawn Michaels and Bret "Hit Man" Hart have emerged as arguably the two consummate athletes of the New Generation; the Undertaker has proved his ability to repeatedly rebound from near-certain demise; and men like Ahmed Johnson, Double J Jeff Jarrett and the very controversial Goldust have stepped in where Jake and his predecessors once dominated. Jake is 10 years older than he was when he first appeared in the Federation, with a lot more mileage on his battered body. But beneath the surface, Jake Roberts still possesses the dark, ruthless heart of a serpent, a quality that has shaped his past and will surely determine his future.





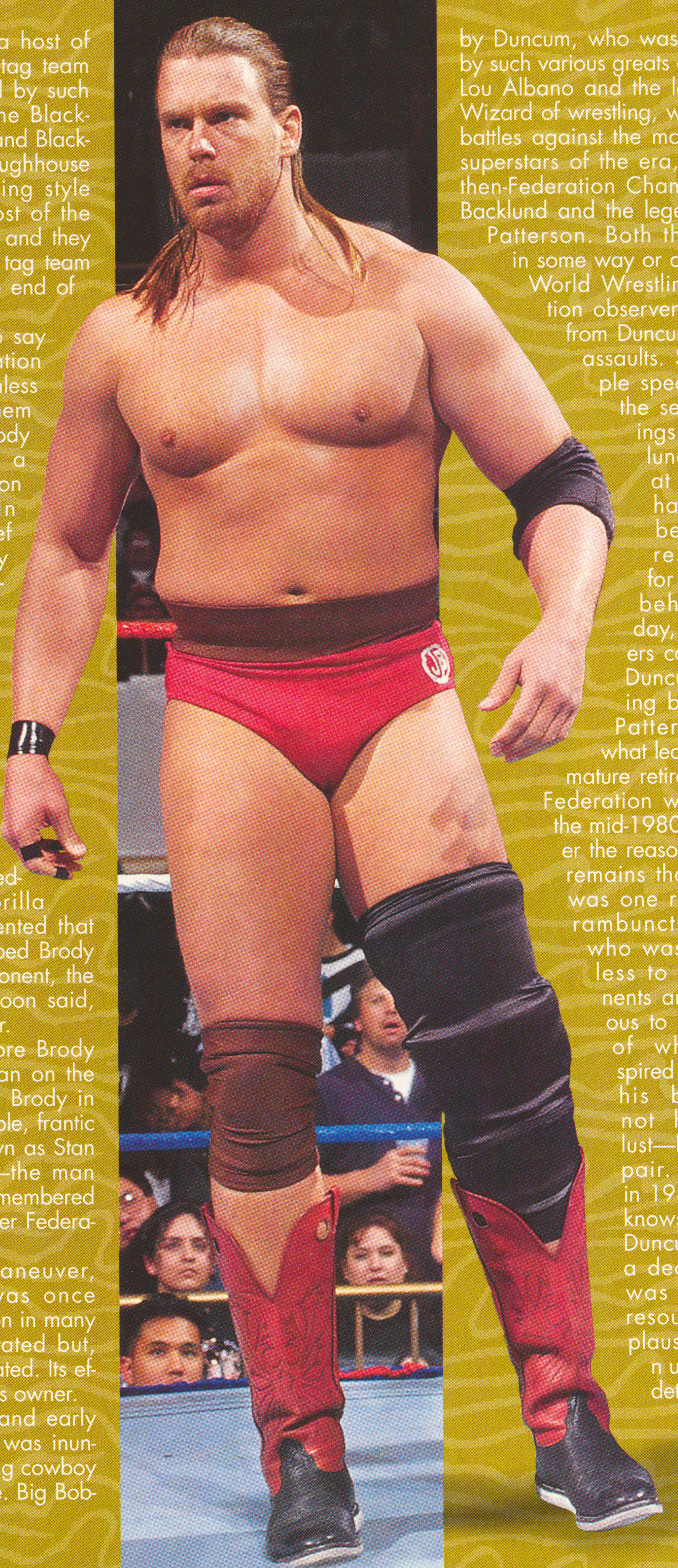
He Ain't No Little Dogie!

Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw's Federation Invasion

By Lou Gianfriddo

Throughout the years, the World Wrestling Federation has been deluged by a constant stampede of athletes who hail from the great state of Texas. Some of those athletes, such as Shawn Michaels and Billy and Bart of the Smoking Gunns, have reached the pinnacle of success and attained the universal respect of the fans. Others have reached the peak of infamy, leaving nothing but destruction and nightmares in their wake. One such athlete, Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw, plans to do more during his stay in the Federation.

Hark back to when the World Wrestling Federation was just becoming a global power in the sports-entertainment world. In those days, the Federation was held hostage by a host of tyrannical Texans. The tag team division was dominated by such ruthless cowboys as the Blackjacks, Blackjack Lanza and Blackjack Mulligan. Their roughhouse tactics and superior ring style were too much for most of the Federation's tag teams, and they eventually captured the tag team gold sometime near the end of the Vietnam War.



The singles ranks, so say many longtime Federation insiders, had more ruthless competitors. Among them was the late Bruiser Brody (Brody died during a dressing room altercation in the Caribbean in 1989). During his brief Federation tenure, Brody hammered more wrestlers into retirement than perhaps anyone else. He was, according to those who had long enough memories, a madman who barked and stomped his way into the squared circle before inflicting a terrible beating on his unfortunate opponents. Acting Interim Federation President Gorilla Monsoon once commented that he physically had stopped Brody from pounding an opponent, the results of which, Monsoon said, incapacitated the Bruiser.

However, even before Brody there was another Texan on the scene who outmatched Brody in terms of his uncontrollable, frantic behavior. He was known as Stan "The Lariat" Hansen—the man who will forever be remembered for hospitalizing a former Federation champion.

His signature maneuver, the Lariat—which was once banned from competition in many states—has been imitated but, thankfully, never duplicated. Its effects were as lethal as its owner.

By the late 1970s and early 1980s, the Federation was inundated by another cussing cowboy from the Lone Star State. Big Bobby Duncum, who was managed by such various greats as Captain Lou Albano and the late Grand Wizard of wrestling, waged epic battles against the most popular superstars of the era, including then-Federation Champion Bob Backlund and the legendary Pat Patterson. Both these men, in some way or another say World Wrestling Federation observers, suffered from Duncum's callous assaults. Some people speculate that the severe beatings that Backlund endured at Duncum's hands could be partially responsible for his erratic behavior today, while others contend that Duncum's bruising battles with Patterson were what led to his premature retirement from Federation wrestling in the mid-1980s. Whatever the reasons, the fact remains that Duncum was one rowdy and rambunctious man who was remorseless to his opponents and dangerous to himself, all of which conspired to weaken his body—but not his battle lust—beyond repair. Sometime in 1983, no one knows precisely, Duncum retired, a decision that was met with resounding applause from his numerous detractors.

Another

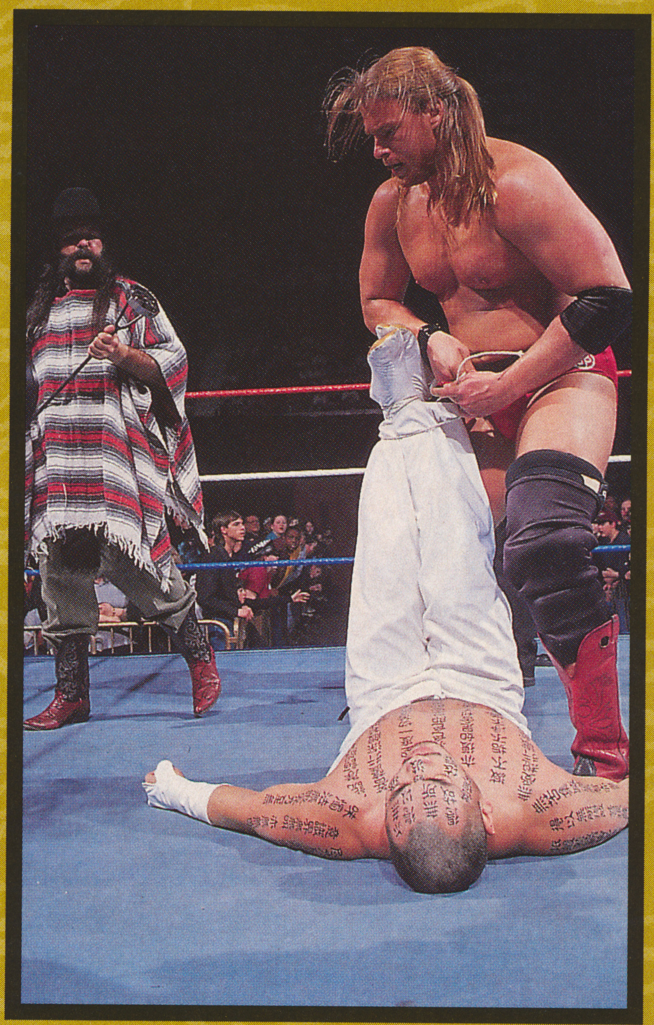
wave of titanic Texans crested over the World Wrestling Federation in 1985. This wave came in the form of three brothers from the Double Cross Ranch in Texas who answered to the surname of Funk. They were Terrible Terry, Dory (Hoss) and Jimmy Jack, the latter of whom was said to have emerged "from beneath the Double Cross homestead." Together, and individually, these three talented and towering cowboys wreaked havoc in the World Wrestling Federation. Their antics reached an apogee in 1986, when they hogtied a ring announcer and attempted to brand the Junk Yard Dog.

A year later, the World Wrestling Federation was taken by another high plains drifter. The Outlaw Ron Bass, with his bullwhip he called "Miss Betsy," was more vicious than a rattler and twice as venomous in his ring attacks. He stomped and beat every opponent who dared to cross him and in 1987 went so far as to say that the World Wrestling Federation and Intercontinental champions were mean, low-down and, in his own dialect, "yeller."

The Outlaw's contempt of everyone and everything that was not Texan led to a post-*WrestleMania III* altercation with the Junk Yard Dog, in which Bass attempted to strangle his opponent with Miss Betsy. In mid-1988, he proved his brutality once again when he severely injured and humiliated Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake during an episode of the nationally televised *Brother Love Show*.

Not long afterward, with the proverbial cloud of dust masking his image, Ron Bass disappeared from the Federation and rode off into the sunset.

Just when many Federation fans thought they had witnessed the last of the marauding Texans, another now lies in the wait. Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw could possibly prove to be the toughest and most ruthless wrestling cowboy in Federation history. He is doing all he can to prove it. Already, he has shown the world that this New Generation cowboy is meaner than his forerunners Hansen and Brody—and a better wrestling tactician than the Funks and Ron Bass. Bradshaw is a man who is so tough, *World Wrestling Federation Magazine* has learned, that even his fellow Texans don't want him hanging around their state.



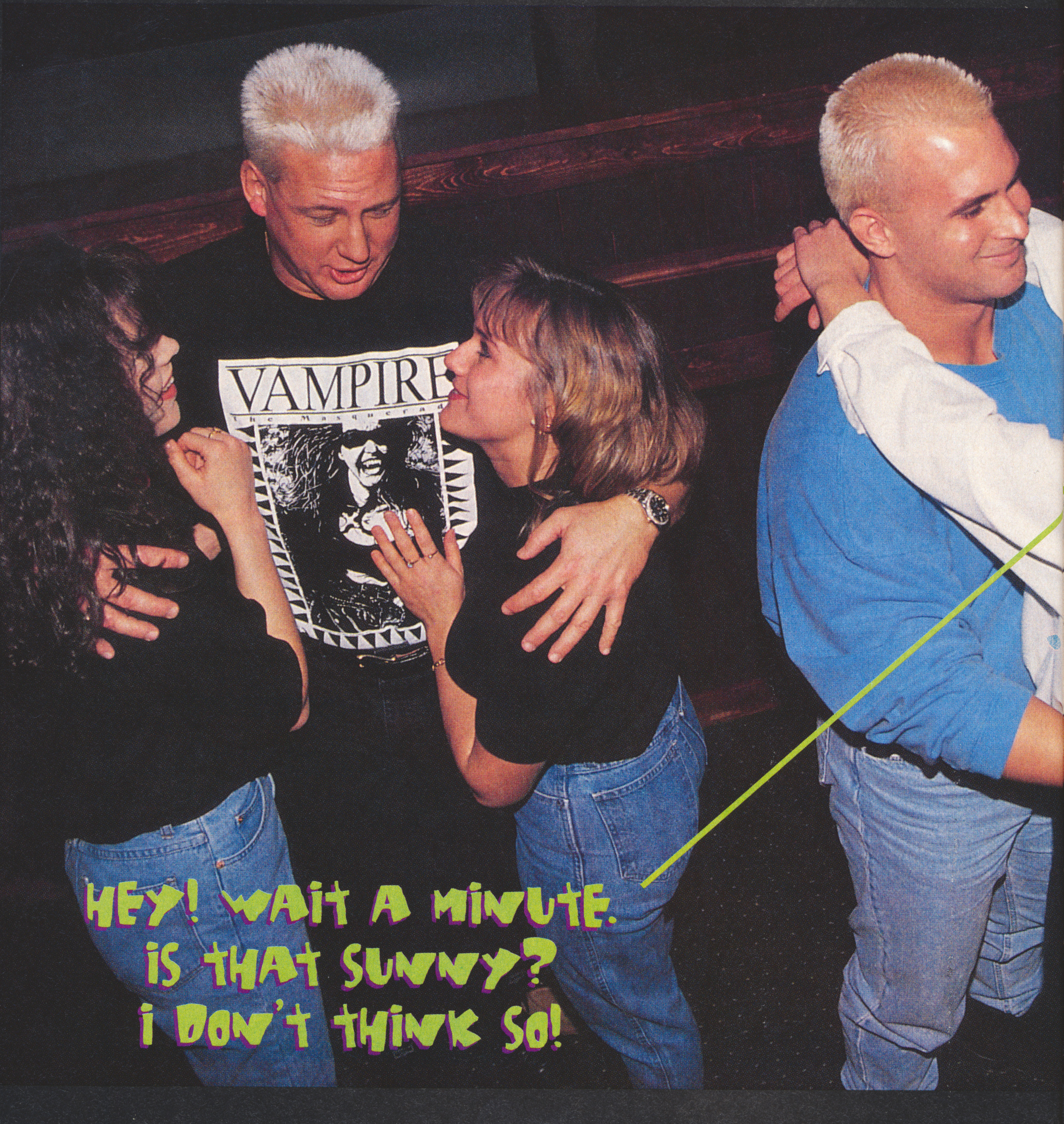
Not only does Bradshaw want to overcome such superstars as Bret "Hit Man" Hart and the Undertaker, but he also wants to overshadow a fellow Texan who is near and dear to everyone's heart, the late, great John "The Duke" Wayne.

All was revealed at February's *In Your House*, which, by the way, is now available at video outlets on the Coliseum Home Video label, when Bradshaw was talking to his manager Zebekiah within earshot of a reporter from this magazine.

"Forgit all these so-called superstars, Zebekiah," Bradshaw said before he spit out a glob of chewing tobacco. "Forgit wrasslers like the Bret 'Hit Man' Hart, the Undertaker or that Diesel. I'm gonna make all those boys look sick once I'm through with the World Wrasslin' Federation. I'm gonna make 'em all wish they never laced up their wrasslin' boots to begin with, son. And, before Justin 'Hawk' Bradshaw's through with my stampede, boy, I'm gonna be the real Texan. You can bet yer boots that I'm gonna be the Texan that they'll all remember 'til time comes to a halt. It won't be a Smoking Gunn that people remember or that little pretty-boy Heartbreak Kid Shawn Michaels that they'll remember. No, sir. And it sure as heck—and I'll bet my life to a day-ol' horn toad—it won't be no Puke John Wayne!"

With that, Bradshaw spit once more and then kicked open a dressing room door, followed a boot's length behind by Zebekiah. If Bradshaw validates his promises, World Wrestling Federation superstars may be in for a real career-threatening shootout, the likes of which has not been seen since an era when a young man with choirboy looks headed west from Wheeling, West Virginia, a young man who later gained infamy as Billy the Kid. In just a matter of time, another brand of infamy may be realized should Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw live out his dreams—and our eventual nightmares.

WHO'S ZOO


VAMPIRE
The Masquerade

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE.
IS THAT SUNNY?
I DON'T THINK SO!

MIN' WHO?

A Commentary By Vince Russo

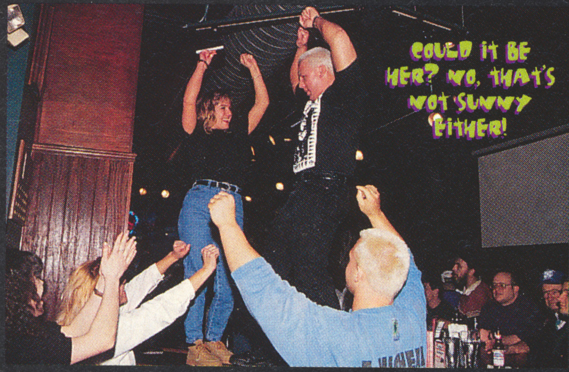
"We're not as stupid as we look!"

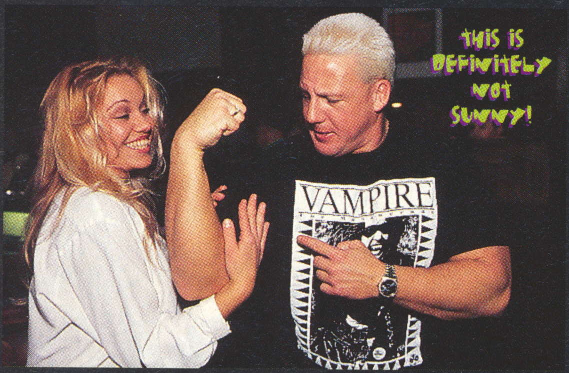
And Zip of the Body Donnas may just be right.

Anybody who reads this magazine may accuse me of having been bitten—in the literal sense—by the "Golden-Haired Fox." Now, granted, there have been a lot of pictures in Federation publications of Sunny lately (especially the debut issue of *World Wrestling Federation Raw*—if you haven't seen those, you haven't fully lived your life), but can you blame me? It's simple mathematics: male hormones + Sunny's sexuality=MORE PICTURES!!!

Maybe it is fair to say that I have been "nibbled" a bit by the Fox. So what?! Kill me already, for cryin' out loud! And, yes, maybe it is also fair to say that in making Sunny the headline story, I may have buried Skip and Zip somewhere back in the obituary section. I mean, in my opinion, she was just using them as pawns in her game of "GET THE GOLD." However, in Huntington, West Virginia, my opinion CHANGED. Rather than praise the Fox and hammer the Jox, I am now asking myself—Self, WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO?

BW-3's, a popular restaurant in Huntington, was the place where my story line sort of veered off the road a bit. Following a night of Federation action, I stopped off to have an ice cold... milk, along with friend and Federation photographer Rich Freeda (the guy responsible for all those great Sunny photos in the *Raw Magazine*). Anyway, as I sat at the bar, my eyes wandered off to the dance floor where they witnessed a sight


COULD IT BE HER? NO, THAT'S NOT SUNNY EITHER!
12
RDP-173


THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT SUNNY!
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RDP-173

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
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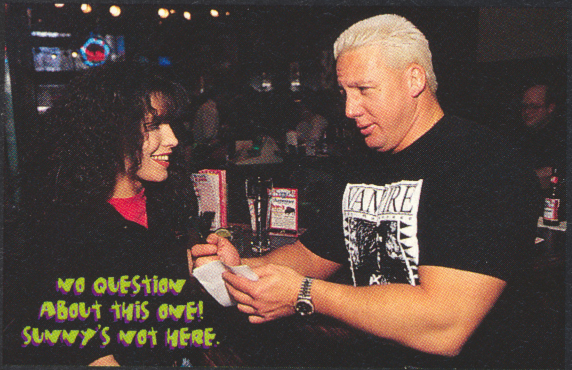
NO QUESTION ABOUT THIS ONE! SUNNY'S NOT HERE.
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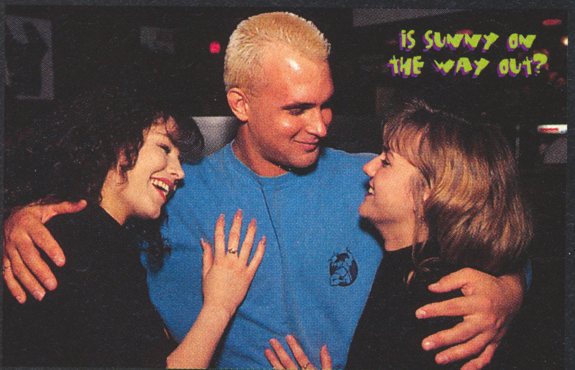
RDP-173


IS SUNNY ON THE WAY OUT?
16
RDP-173

WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO?

they had a very hard time believing! In the flesh, tripping the light fandango, were Skip, Zip and a "host" of hot female companions. Sunny? Where was Sunny? NOWHERE IN SIGHT!!! Hmmm, they cherish her, she dumps on them, YET here they are—cutting up the rug—in a nightclub—with beautiful women—with NO Sunny—appearing as happy as a Godwinn in mud!!!

"Rich, load that baby up!" I informed Freeda as he frantically fed film into his faithful Canon. "We have ourselves a scoop!" Wasting no time, Rich camouflaged himself behind an artificial plant and started snapping away as quickly as the eye of the camera could shutter. Five minutes and two rolls later, Rich said, "Let's go, Vince. I got it!"

As we looked toward the exit, my Thom McCanns suddenly froze in place. It was that damn journalistic code again! I knew that it wouldn't be right unless I let Skip and Zip tell their side of the story. "Rich, go have a cream soda. I have to hear their tale before we print anything," I said as I headed toward the dance floor. "Hey, guys! What's up?" I innocently asked. Pale faces don't go well with bleached-blond hair. Skip and Zip acted as if they had just seen Goldust—in a club they wanted to have nothing to do with.

"It's not what you think, Russo!" screamed Skip. "That's right, don't even think about twisting this story around!"

"THIS story? What exactly is THIS story?" I asked. "I didn't know there was ANY story!"

"Look, Russo," said Skip as nervous sweatbeads danced down his face. "Sunny and I are totally in love with each other! We have been for a very long time!"

"Love?" I questioned. "Is this how you show your love? AND where is Sunny—I might ask?"

"It's her poker night!" hollered Zip. "And what business is it of yours anyway? Russo, you're turning all this around! It's called yellow journalism. We're not USING anybody!!"

Zip, Zip, Zip. How does that size 10 feel neatly shoved down your throat? Without thinking, Skip's older brother very nicely unwrapped, then laid out, what may have been the "male side" of the Body Donna master plan. It appeared that they "might have been" USING Sunny, just as conveniently as she "might have been" using them!

"So what you're telling me is that the two of you are USING Sunny to obtain the Tag Team gold?" I asked.

"It's like this, Russo," said Skip. "We're using Sunny in a 'loving' way, just like she's using us. I mean..."

"What my brother means," interjected Zip, "is that we're not as stupid as we look! Let's face it, it's a cold world out there, and sometimes you need a woman's touch to open a few doors. But once that door is the slightest ajar—WE'RE THE GUYS TO KICK IT IN!!!!"

Did I peg these guys wrong or what? What we have here is the biggest game of cat and mouse since Tom and Jerry! Again, I ask myself—Self, WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO? Is the Fox outsmarting the Jox? Or are the Jox outslying the Fox?

The answer? I really don't know... but—just to be on the safe side—I'LL STILL KEEP THOSE PICTURES OF SUNNY COMING ANYWAY!!!

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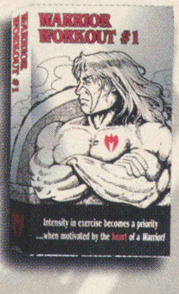
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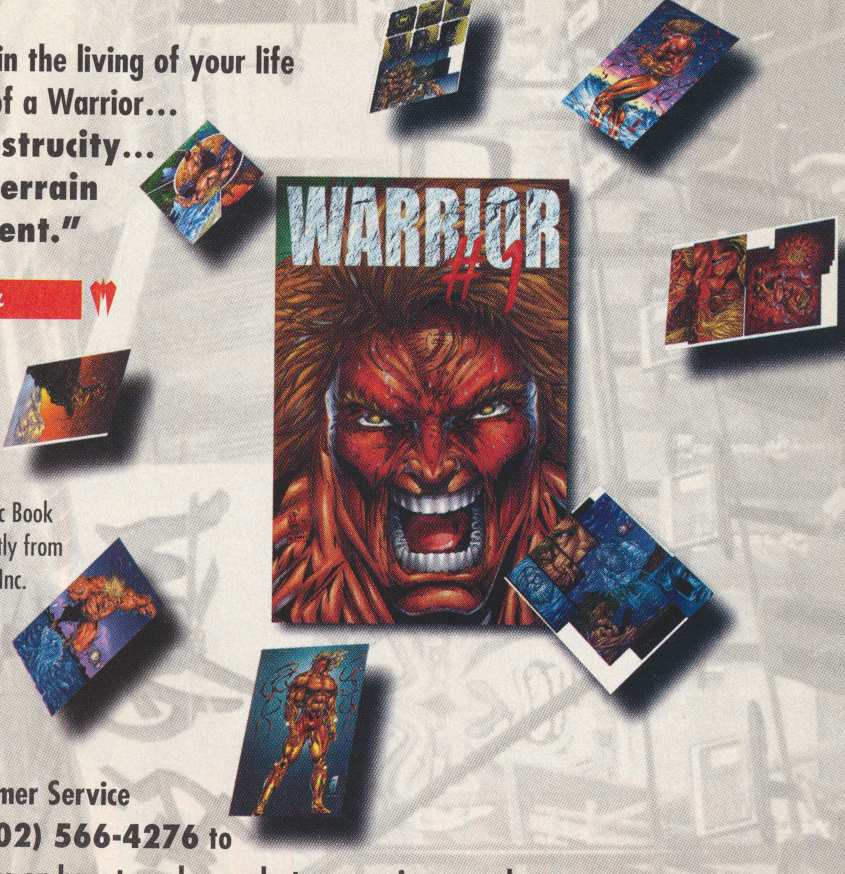

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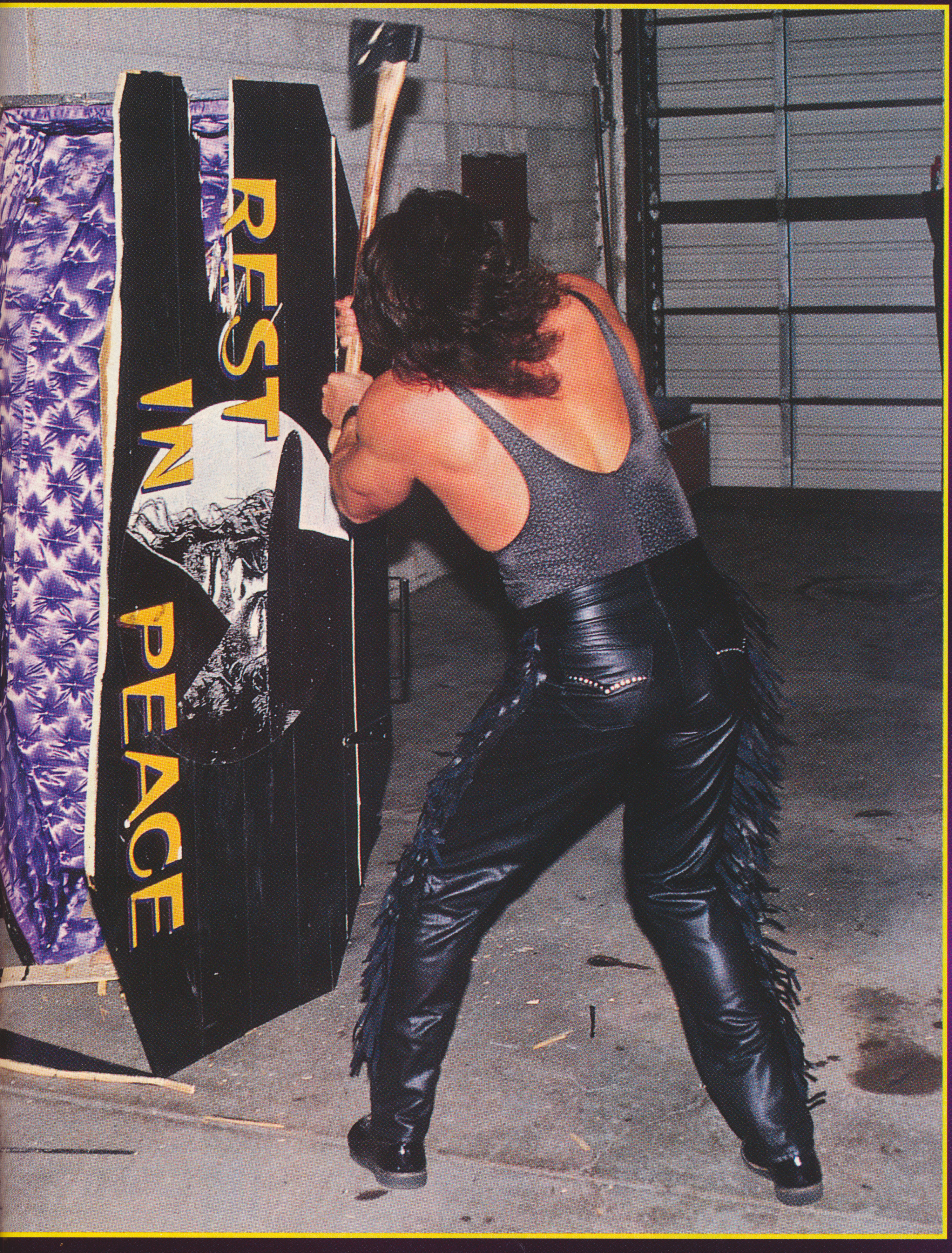
THE INFORMER

A source close to the RING MASTER recently confirmed that the MILLION DOLLAR CHAMPION was close to bringing in a "friend"—apparently his ONLY one—to possibly serve as his partner in crime. However, for some unknown reason he decided to "kill" that idea at the last minute... One World Wrestling Federation official very close to ROWDY RODDY PIPER informed me, THE INFORMER, that the HOT ROD would love to get the one, the only GOLDUST in the squared circle to have "An Affair to Remember"... Greed makes desperate people do desperate things. But I'm not sure what was talked about when I saw the name AHMED JOHNSON in TED DIBIASE'S appointment book... OWEN AND BRET TOGETHER AGAIN? I wouldn't rule it out by any stretch of the imagination. As a matter of fact, one of my sources has JAMES E. CORNETTE playing the role of peace maker!... What happened to BROTHER LOVE? Is he possibly up to something big? Stay close to the pulpit!... In an effort to take advantage of a sub-par tag team division, many World Wrestling Federation superstars are considering pairing with highly unlikely partners. Some of the individuals rumored to be talking are: GOLDUST & MANKIND (at least they would understand each other), THE UNDERTAKER & JAKE "THE SNAKE" ROBERTS (death be born again) and HUNTER HEARST-HELMSLEY & THE 1-2-3 KID (the "Snob" and the "Brat")... It is apparent that VADER has no friends, and he tends to keep it that way. Recently, at a television taping, the MASTODON went toe-to-toe with JUSTIN "HAWK" BRADSHAW when the unruly Texan spit his wad of "tabacca" a little too close to Vader's size 16 boot. Just moments later, following his match, VADER demanded that Federation ring announcer HOWARD FINKEL follow him back to the locker room. Once the unsuspecting FINKEL reached his proposed final destination, VADER hung him in an empty locker by his tuxedo jacket for merely announcing his weight wrong. FINKEL was one pound shy!... MR. PERFECT. Will he or won't he? I still say he WILL. I believe that deep down inside PERFECT still believes that he is indeed perfect. Perhaps even more perfect than the HEARTBREAK KID SHAWN MICHAELS. Will THE KID be the one to force THE PERFECT ONE out of retirement? I know that the KLIQ would love to see that one!... Despite all the rumors, DEMOLITION has no plans of resurfacing from the dead... Recently, World Wrestling Federation legend RICK RUDE showed up on the Federation's America On-Line site. Now maybe I'm jumping the gun here, but when RICK fully recovers from his back injuries, could a RUDE REAWAKENING be far behind?... Until next time...

BARRED FROM THE BACK


REST IN PEACE

PIN 'em DOWN

QUESTION

Dear Jerry "The King" Lawler,

When is the last time that you won a wrestling match?

Greg Miller
Gainesville, FL

ANSWER

What're you? A statistician? Even though your mother is probably an elephant, you sure as heck don't have her memory! For your information, it was just yesterday, MAY—to be exact—that I beat Bret Hart at In Your House. It's funny how the mind—as little as yours may be—blanks out ugly memories like that, ISN'T IT?

QUESTION

Dear Shawn,

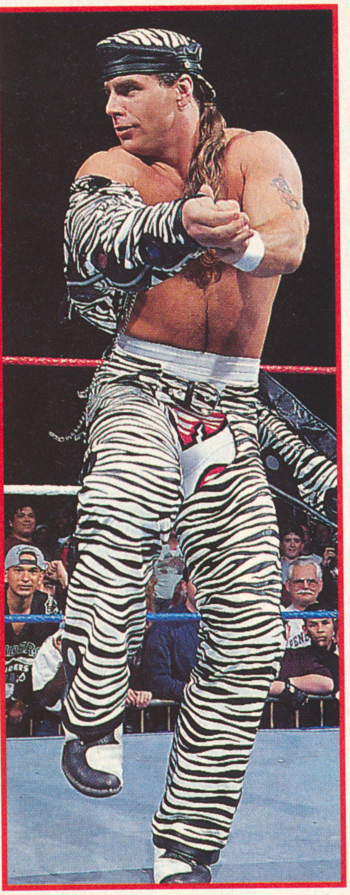
Where did you get that great theme song? And are you really singing it?

Petra M. Munchen
Germany

ANSWER

Dear Petra,

Well, if you've read this fine mag—cover to cover the way I do (especially when I'm in it), you would have read all about Jim Johnston "The Man Behind the Music" in last month's issue. If you didn't—SHAME ON YOU! Anyway, as far as the vocals? Only the HB Kid could belt out such quality lyrics.



DEAR 1-2-3 KID, IF YOU HAD THREE WISHES, WHAT WOULD THEY BE?

KEVIN HYDE
DEKALB, IL

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, BRAIN SURGEON: MONEY, MONEY AND MORE MONEY. DUH!

Q:

Dear Razor Ramon,

I would be very interested to know how you came up with your finishing move, the Razor's Edge.

Jason McNamara
Dallas, TX

A:

I'm not sure how I came up with it, chico. One day I just kinda invented it. I was in the ring in the middle of a war, and I just did it. It got me the win, and from that day forward I've always relied on it.

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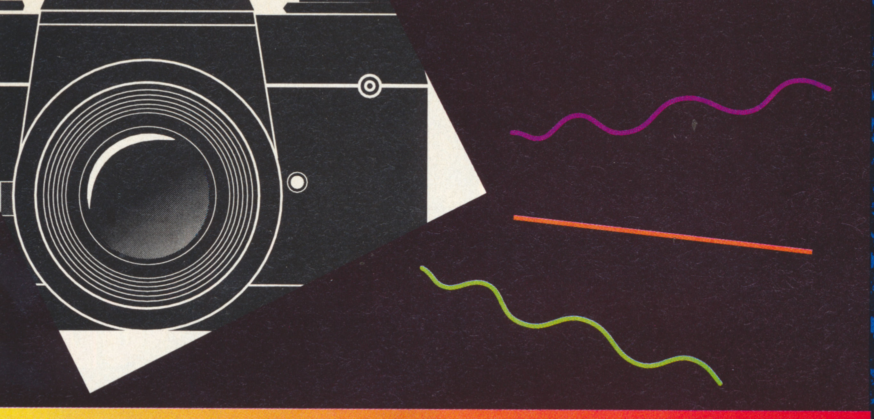
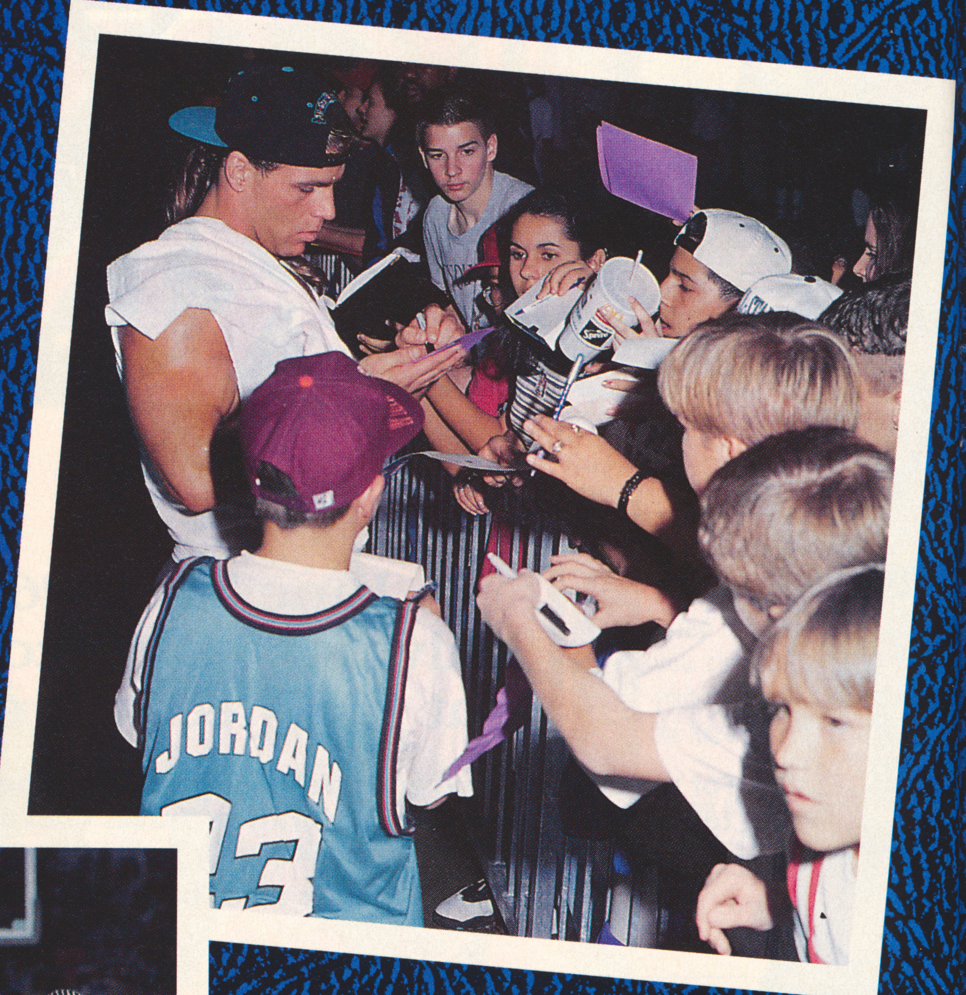


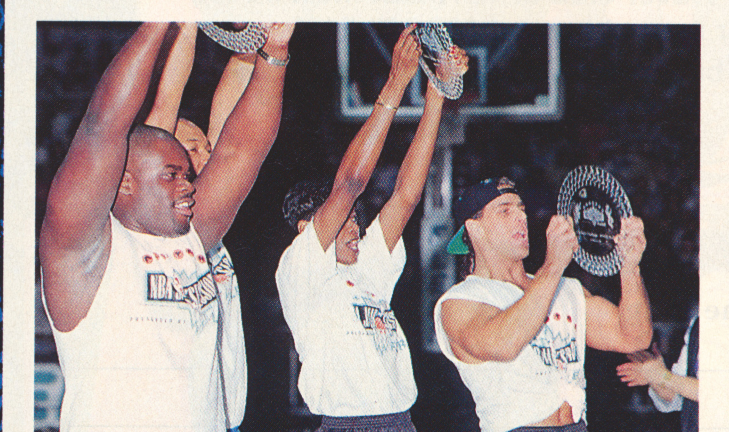
private eye

Mr. All-Star: Shawn Steps It Up On Another Court

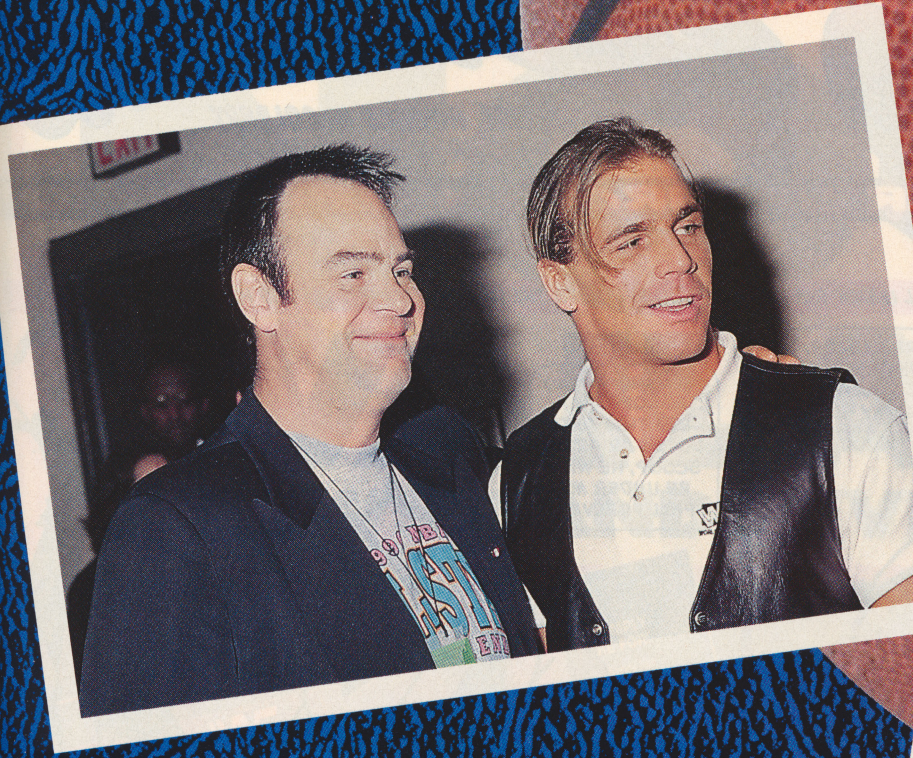
STORY BY JAY ANDRONACO
PHOTOS BY MARK ORGANEK

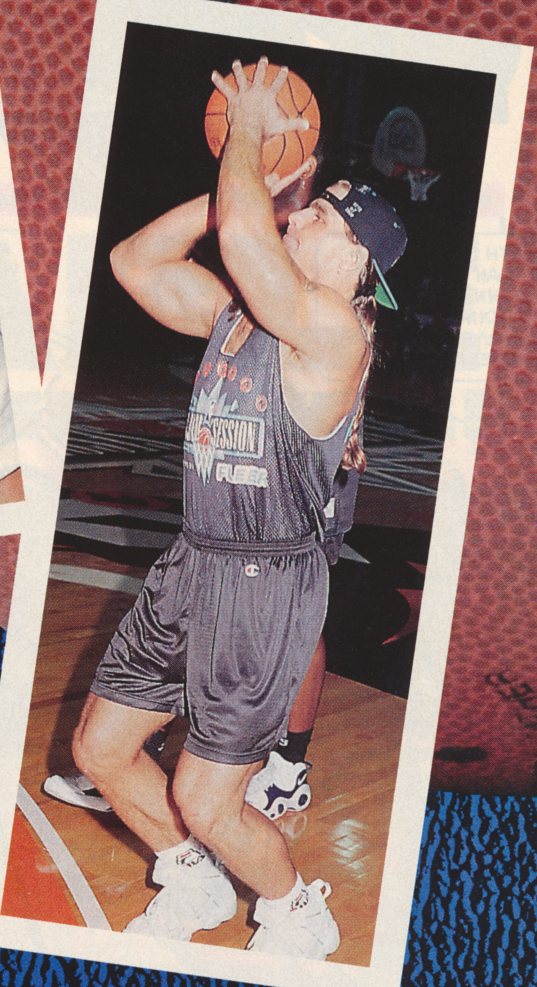
Shawn Michaels, a San Antonio native, returned home to participate in the 1996 NBA Jam Session presented by Fleer during the Feb. 8-11 NBA All-Star Weekend in San Antonio, Texas. Although the hardwood was foreign territory, the HB Kid wasted no time in stealing the show! In a weekend designed to celebrate the National Basketball Association, Shawn was mobbed everywhere he turned for photographs, autographs and just a chance to get a glimpse of the hometown boy who made good.

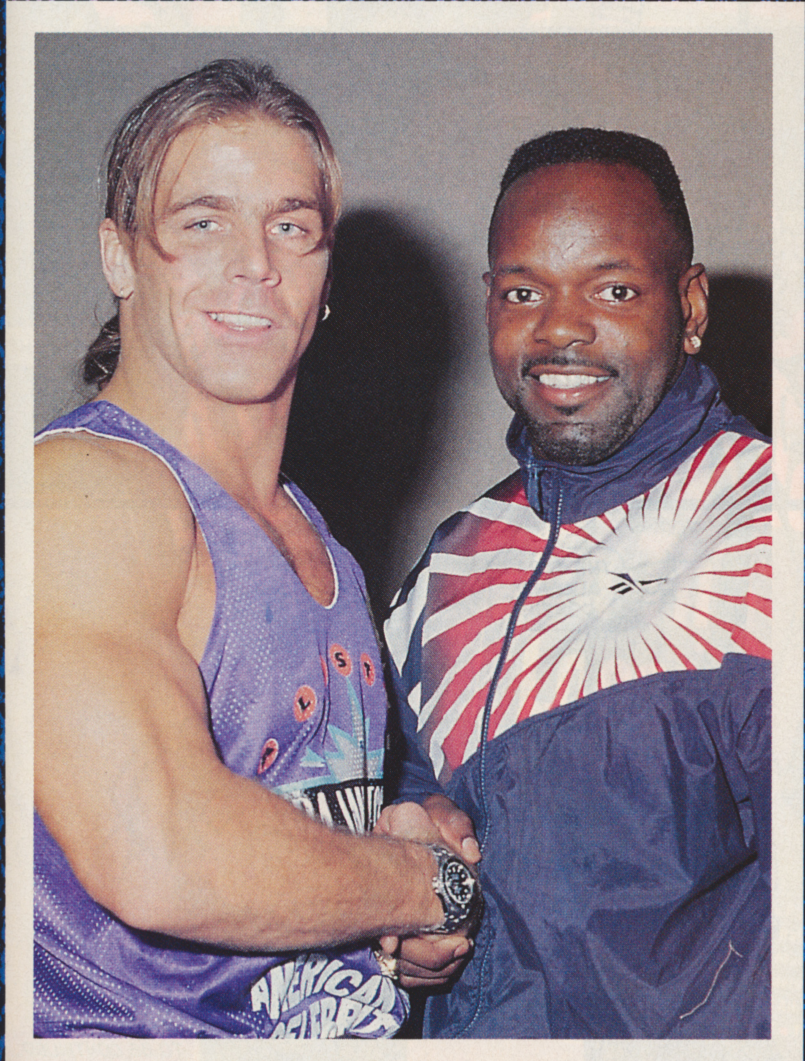




In the Nestle Celebrity Challenge—a competition of dribbling, shooting and teamwork—Shawn teamed with Sheryl Swoops (Women's National Team), Mel Davis (NFL legend)) and Andrew Green (Miami Dolphins) and captured first place by defeating three other teams with such celebrities as Mark Curry ("Hanging with Mr. Cooper"), Jeremy Jackson ("Baywatch"), Mario Lopez ("Saved by the Bell") and Jennifer Love-Hewitt ("Party of Five"). Then, in the Nestle Crunch Celebrity Slam-Dunk Contest (in which an 8-foot-high rim was used), Michaels used his dynamic style and classic grace to show you do not have to be a giant to jam! With his aggressive attitude and breathtaking athletic ability, the Heartbreak Kid placed third by showcasing a complete repertoire of dunks, including an incredible 360-dunk that brought the fans to their feet.







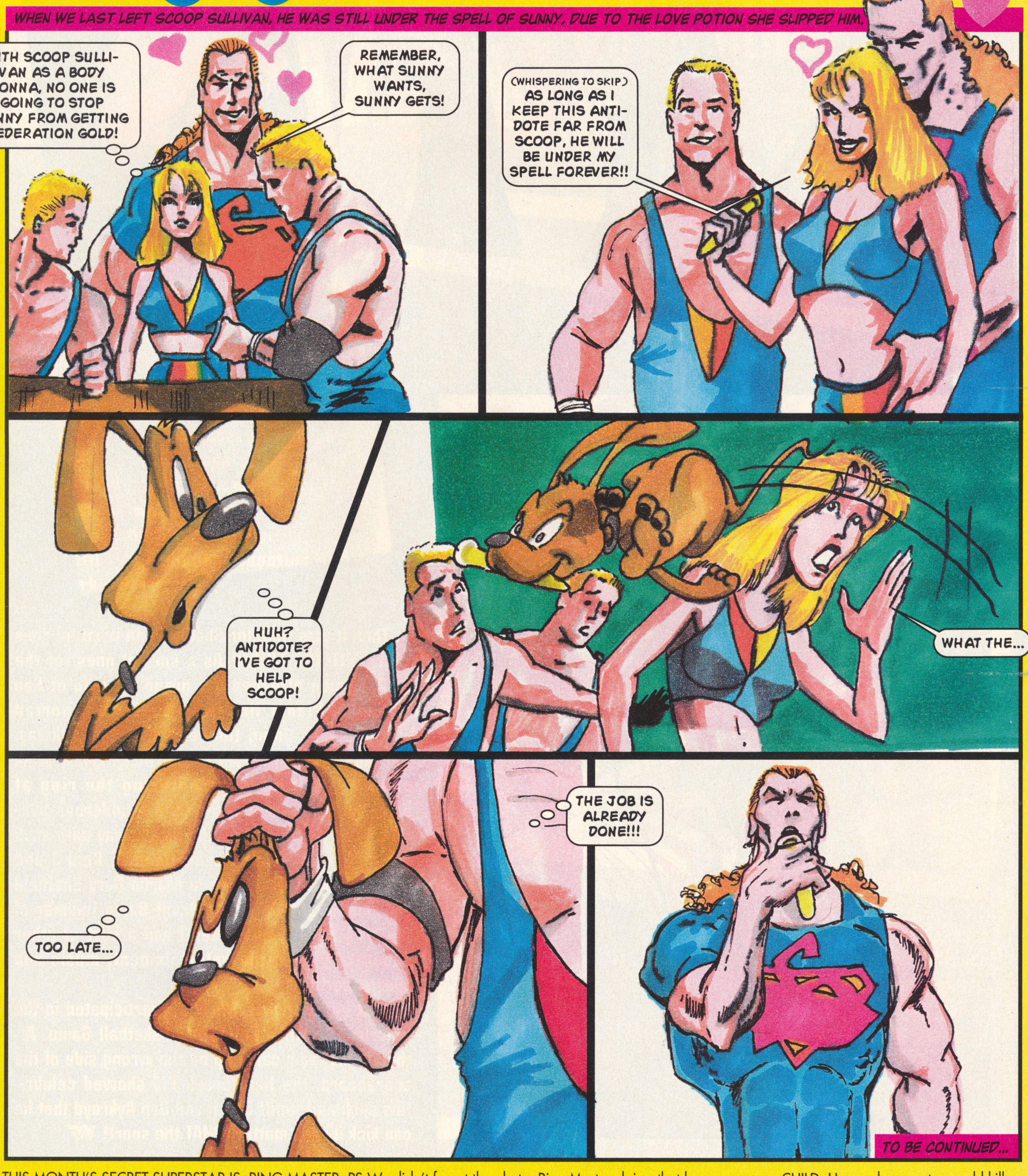
Then it was time for Shawn to do what he does best—HIT THE TOWN! As a special guest of the NBA, Shawn attended the grand opening of San Antonio's Planet Hollywood. With a reported 110,000 fans lining the red-carpeted walkway, Michaels strutted down Planet Hollywood's Walk of Fame as if he were entering the ring at WrestleMania—showered by a thunderous ovation. Later on he partied the night away with such celebrities as singing sensations LL Cool J and Brandi, Boyz II Men, Florida Marlin Gary Sheffield and Golden State Warrior Brent Barry (winner of the NBA Slam Dunk Contest) and a host of other superstars from the entertainment, music and sports worlds.

Last but not least, Michaels participated in the American Express Celebrity Basketball Game. Although his team came up on the wrong side of the scoreboard, the Heartbreak Kid showed celebrities such as Emmitt Smith and Dan Aykroyd that he can kick it—no matter WHAT the sport!

SCOOP SULLIVAN

ARTIST HOWARD M. COLBERT
WRITER VINCE RUSSO

SQUARED CIRCLE SUPERHERO


WHEN WE LAST LEFT SCOOP SULLIVAN, HE WAS STILL UNDER THE SPELL OF SUNNY, DUE TO THE LOVE POTION SHE SLIPPED HIM.
WITH SCOOP SULLIVAN AS A BODY DONNA, NO ONE IS GOING TO STOP SUNNY FROM GETTING FEDERATION GOLD!
REMEMBER, WHAT SUNNY WANTS, SUNNY GETS!
(WHISPERING TO SKIP) AS LONG AS I KEEP THIS ANTIDOTE FAR FROM SCOOP, HE WILL BE UNDER MY SPELL FOREVER!!
HUH? ANTIDOTE? I'VE GOT TO HELP SCOOP!
WHAT THE...
THE JOB IS ALREADY DONE!!!
TOO LATE...
TO BE CONTINUED...

THIS MONTH'S SECRET SUPERSTAR IS: RING MASTER. PS-We didn't forget the photo. Ring Master claims that he was never a CHILD. He was born a stone-cold killer.

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MAY/JUNE 1996

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Sunny like you've never seen her before

Page 30

Mastodon On The Loose!

Can The Man They Call Vader Be Stopped?

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